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WEEK ENDING JUNE 20 1925

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Liberty

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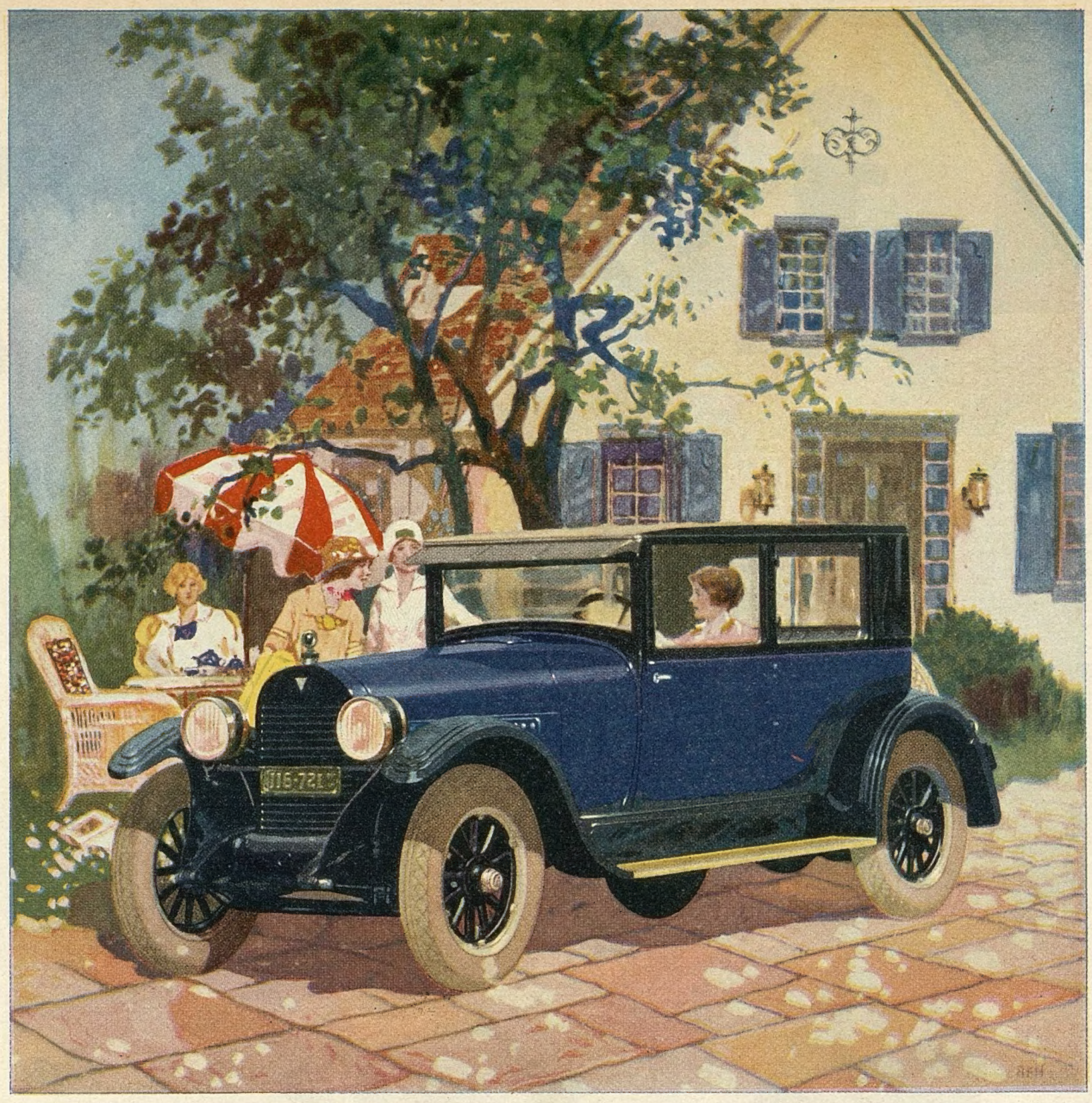
In this Issue

WOMEN
By
RING LARDNER

JOSEPH FARRELLY



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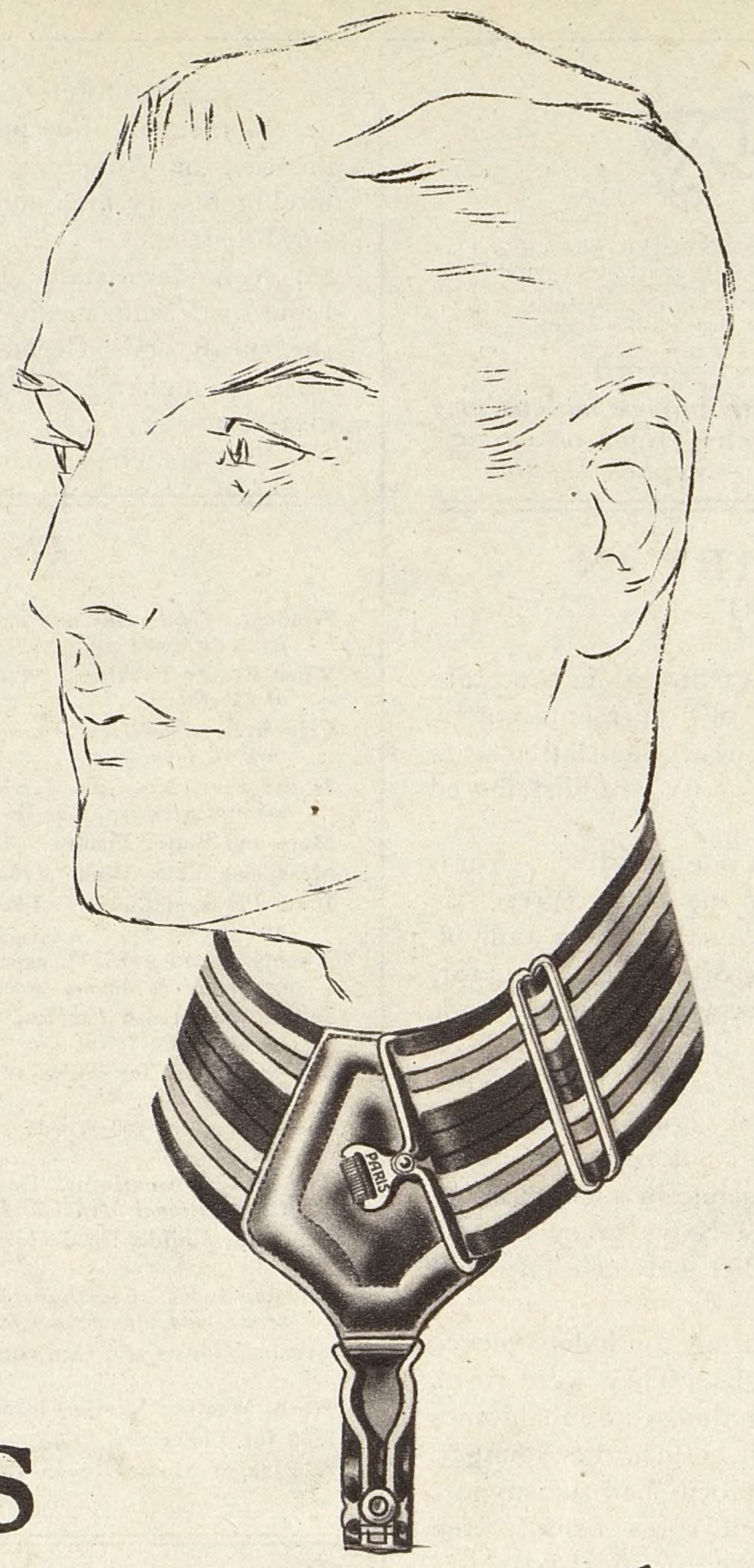

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JUNE 20, 1925

Liberty

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VOL. 2 NO. 7

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

TOWN AND COUNTRY IN GOVERNMENT

New York City is deprived of full representation in the State Legislature by law. Chicago is denied its full representation by nullification of a constitutional mandate. Twenty legislative seats which are the constitutional right of the city are distributed elsewhere in the State.

Rhode Island gives each city and town one Senator. A rural village with a few hundred inhabitants has the same representation in the Senate as Providence with a quarter of a million. New Jersey gives each county, regardless of size, one Senator. Inequalities in Pennsylvania give the rural counties a control not inherent in population.

Wherever there are large cities there is the wish or the effort to deprive them of the full political rights of American citizenship. The United States Senate does not represent population, and there is a reflection of this principle in such arrangements as the county representation in the New Jersey Senate, but that is not the real ground of conflict between city and country.

When the American colonies were uniting for independence Great Britain was a land of rotten boroughs. They were rural. Old Sarum is the best remembered. It had almost no inhabitants but returned two members of Parliament. Pitt, the younger, although a Liberal and for parliamentary reform, had the support in his day of a bloc of forty-five Scotch votes from rotten boroughs controlled by an eighteenth century political boss.

The great and growing industrial centers of England, the towns of labor and capital, were discriminated against and deprived of representation by the landed families who kept control in the country. The policy of rural control has been carried from eighteenth century England into twentieth century America.

The attempt to justify the partial disfranchisement of the urban citizenship and the arbitrary enhancement of the political powers of the rural citizen assumes that the solidarity of the compact city masses will overthrow the loosely knit country regions and destroy the proper balance of diversified life and interests.

America developed westward with the fortified city. Cincinnati with Fort Hamilton was of this type, as was Detroit, and Chicago with Fort Dearborn. The town was the protection of the countryside and also the place of merchants handling the country products and bringing in the articles it required and did not produce. The need of the fortification passed. The need of the place of the merchants and manufacturers grew.

The city today is the focus of the countryside. It is the element which integrates the agricultural regions. Without it the rural community would become a region of self contained farms, producing everything required and limited to what could be produced. The social and economic interdependence of city and country is absolute, and where that is the case there is no real political division. There is no fundamental antagonism.

The restriction of city representation is an un-American development of alien politics with no justification in the facts or theories of American government. It is being resisted by intelligent city men and is not wanted by thinking people of the rural districts.

A modern state cannot exist on land qualifications alone. Land ownership means stability, but industries closed the day of the rural tory. Germany was a state made by industries and ruled by junkers. That preponderance of the landed family was disastrous.

Full franchise, urban and rural, keeps the balance.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Is the Nobility Decaying?

UPSETTING things appear in the news dispatches concerning the conduct of the British aristocracy. Scandal, and what not. *W. L. George,* famous English novelist, ponders it all next week. His conclusions may surprise you.

Beatrice Grimshaw, who lives in the South Sea Islands, has contributed a short story of the strange people she knows, called *Eyes in the Corner.* A vivid, creepy thriller.

Walter Davenport asks *What Chance Have You to Smuggle?* and answers in a revealing article on the lynx-eyed customs sleuths.

Wallace Smith offers a lively tale, *Pants,* about a proper young man in an astonishing predicament; *Hugh Fullerton* tells *Why Hagen Is the World's Greatest Golfer,* and there's a new episode from the inimitable *Trub's Diary.*

W. L. GEORGE

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WOMEN

A Short Story of Baseball and the Eternal Feminine

By Ring Lardner

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

YOUNG JAKE uttered a few words which it would pain me to repeat.

"And what are *you* crabbin' about?" asked Mike Healy from his corner of the bench.

"Oh, nothin'!" said Jake. "Nothin' except that I'm sick of it!"

"Sick of what?" demanded Healy.

"Of settin' here!" Jake replied.

"You!" said Mike Healy, with a short laugh. "You've got a fine license to squawk! Why, let's see: what is it? The third of June, and your first June in the league. You ain't even *begin* to sit! Look at me! Been on this bench since catchers started wearin' a mast, or anyway it seems that long. And you never hear me crab, do you, Lefty?"

"Only when you talk," answered the athlete addressed. "And that's only at table or between meals."

"But if this kid's hollerin' already," said Mike, "what'll he be doin' along in August or September, to say nothin' about next August and the August after that?"

"Don't worry!" said Young Jake. "I'll either be a regular by the end of this season or I won't be on this ball club at all!"

"That-a-boy!" said Healy. "Threaten 'em!"

"I mean what I say!" retorted Jake. "I ain't goin' to spend my life on no bench! I come here to play baseball!"

"Oh, you did!" said Healy. "And what do you think I come here for, to fish?"

"I ain't talkin' about you," said Young Jake. "I'm talkin' about myself."

"That's a novelty in a ball player," remarked Lefty.

"And what I'm sayin'," Jake went on, "is that I'm sick of settin' on this bench."

"This ain't a bad bench," said Healy. "They's a hell of a lot worse places you might sit."

"And a hell of a lot better places!" said Jake. "I can think of one right now. I'm lookin' right at it."

"Where at?"

"Right up in the old stand; the third—no, the fourth row, next to the aisle, the first aisle beyond where the screen leaves off."

"I noticed her myself!" put in Lefty. "Damn cute! Too damn cute for a busher like you to get smoked up over."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Young Jake. "I didn't get along so bad with them dames down South."

"Down South ain't here!" replied Lefty. "Those dames in some of those swamps, they lose their head when they see a man with shoes on. But up here you've got to have something. If you pulled that Calhoun County stuff of yours on a gal like that gal in the stand she'd yell for the dog catcher. She'd——"

"They're all alike!" interrupted Mike Healy. "South, or here, or anywheres, they're all the same, and all poison!"

"What's poison?" asked Jake.

"Women!" said Healy. "And the more you have to do with 'em the better chance you've got of spendin' your life on this bench. Why—— That's pitchin', Joe!" he shouted when the third of the enemy batters had popped out and left a runner stranded at second base. "You look good in there today," he added to Joe as the big pitcher approached the dugout.

"I'm all right, I guess," said Joe, pulling on his sweater and moving toward the water bottle. "I wished that wind'd die down."

The manager had come in.

"All right! Let's get at 'em!" he said. "Nice work, Joe. Was that a fast one Meusel hit?"

"No," said Joe. "A hook, but it didn't break."

"A couple of runs will beat 'em the

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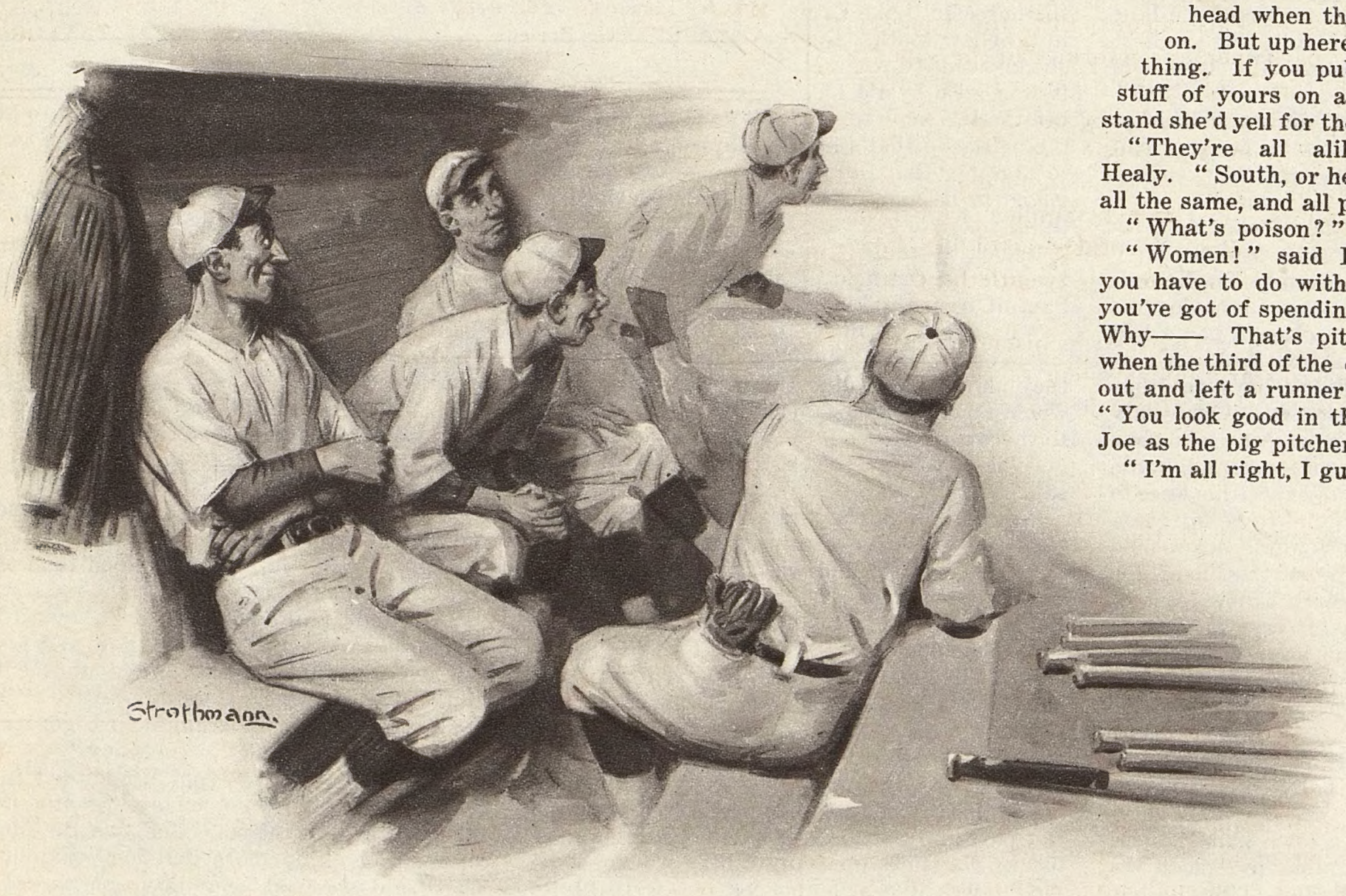

"Where at?" "Right up in the old stand; the third—no, the fourth row, next to the aisle."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

way you're going," said the manager, stooping over to select his bat. "Make this fella pitch, boys," he added. "He was hog wild in Philly the other day."

The half inning wore on to its close, and the noncombatants were again left in possession of the bench. Young Jake addressed Healy.

"What's women done to you, Mike?"

"Only broke me. That's all!" said Healy.

"What do you mean, broke you! The boys tells me you ain't spent nothin' but the summer since you been in the league."

"Oh, I've got a little money," said Healy. "I don't throw it away. I don't go around payin' ten smackers a quart for liquid catnip. But they's more kinds of broke than money broke, a damn sight worse kinds, too. And when I say women has broke me, I mean they've made a bum out of my life; they've wrecked my—what-do-you-call-it?"

"Your career," supplied Lefty.

"Yes, sir," said Healy. "And I ain't kiddin', neither. Why, say, listen: Do you know where I'd be if it wasn't for a woman? Right out there in that infield, playin' that old third sack."

"What about Smitty?" asked Young Jake.

"He'd be where I am—on this bench."

"AW, come on, Mike! Be yourself! You don't claim you're as good as him!" Jake remonstrated.

"I do claim it, but it don't make no difference if I am or I ain't. He shouldn't never ought to of had a chance, not on this club, anyway. You'd say the same if you knowed the facts."

"Well, let's hear 'em."

"It's a long story, and these boys has heard it before."

"That's all right, Mike," said Gephart, a spare catcher. "We ain't listened the last twelve times."

"Well, it was the year I come in this league, four years ago this spring. I'd been with the Toledo club a couple of years. I was the best hitter on the Toledo club. I hit .332 the first year and .354 the next year. And I led the third basemen in fieldin'."

"It would be hard not to," interposed Lefty. "Anything a third baseman don't get they call it a base hit. A third baseman ought to pay to get in the park."

Healy glanced coldly at the speaker, and resumed:

"This club had Johnnie Lambert. He was still about the best third baseman in this league, but he was thirty-five years old and had a bad knee. It had slipped out on him and cost this club the pennant. They didn't have no other third baseman. They lose sixteen out of twenty games. So that learned 'em a lesson, and they bought me. Their idear was to start Johnnie in the spring, but they didn't expect his knee to hold up. And then it was goin' to be my turn.

"But durin' the winter Johnnie got a hold of some specialist somewheres that fixed his knee, and he come South with a new least of life. He hit good and was as fast as ever on the bases. Meanw'ile I had been on a huntin' trip up in Michigan that winter and froze my dogs, and they ailed me so that I couldn't do myself justice all spring."

"I suppose it was some woman made you go huntin'," said Gephart, but Healy continued without replying:

"They was a gal from a town named Ligonier, Indiana, that had visited in Toledo the second year I played ball there. The people where she was visitin' was great baseball fans, and they brought her out to the game with

"THE first day she was there a lot of the boys was hit in the face by thrown balls."

them, and she got stuck on me."

"Ligonier can't be a town! It must be an asylum!" said Lefty.

"She got stuck on me," Healy repeated, "and the people where she was stayin' asked me to their house to supper. After supper the man and his wife said how about goin' to the picture show, and the gal said she was tired and rather stay home. So the man and woman excused themself. They said it was a picture they wanted to see and would I excuse them runnin' off and leavin' we two together. They were clubbin' on me, see?

"Well, I thought to myself, I'll give this dame an unpleasant surprise, so I didn't even hold her hand all evenin'. When I got up to go she says she supposed it would be the last time she seen me as she expected to go back to Ligonier the next day. She didn't have no more intentions of goin' back the next day than crossin' Lake Erie in a hollow tooth. But she knowed if I thought it was good-by I'd kiss her. Well, I knowed it wasn't good-by, but what the hell! So that's how it started, and I went to Ligonier that fall to see her, and we got engaged to be married. At least she seemed to think so."

"Look at that!" interrupted Young Jake, his eyes on the field of action. "What could Sam of been thinkin'!"

"Thinkin'!" said Gephart. "Him!"

"What would Sam do," wondered Lefty, "if they played baseball with only one base? He wouldn't enjoy the game if he couldn't throw to the wrong one."

"That play's liable to cost us somethin'," said Gephart.

"I went up in Michigan on a huntin' trip with some friends of mine," Healy continued. "I froze my feet and was laid up all through January and February and shouldn't of never went South. It was all as I could do to wear shoes, let alone play baseball. I wasn't really myself till along the first of May. But, as I say, Johnnie Lambert had a new least of life and was lookin' better than he'd looked for years. His knee wasn't troublin' him at all.

"Well, that's how things went till around the last part of June. I didn't get no action except five or six times goin' up to hit for somebody. And I was like a young colt, crazy to be let loose. I knowed that if I once got in there and showed what I could do Judge Landis himself

couldn't keep me on the bench. I used to kneel down every night and pray to God to get to work on Lambert's knee.

"The gal kept writin' me letters and I answered 'em once in a w'ile, but we hadn't saw each other since before Christmas. She hinted once or twice about when was we goin' to get married, but I told her I didn't want to even disgust the subject till I was somethin' besides a bench warmer.

"WE had a serious in Chi the tail-end of June and the first night we was there, I got a long-distance call from Ligonier. It was the gal's sister, sayin' the gal was sick. She was delirious part of the time and hollerin' for me, and the doctor said if she could see me, it'd probably do her more good than medicine.

"So I said that's all right, but they ain't no off days in the schedule right now and I can't get away. But they had looked up the time table and seen where I could leave Chi after the ball game, spend the night in Ligonier and get back for the game the next day.

"So I took a train from Englewood in the evenin' and when I got off at Ligonier, there was my gal to meet me. She was the picture of health and no more delirious than usual. They said she had been just about ready to pass out when she learned I was comin' and it cured her. They didn't tell me what disease

she'd had, but I suppose it was a grasshopper bite or somethin'.

"When I left next mornin', the weddin' date was set for that fall.

"Somewheres between South Bend and Laporte, the train stopped and liked it so well that we stayed there over three hours. We hit Englewood after four o'clock and I got to the park just in time to see them loadin' Lambert into a machine to take him away. His knee had broke down on him in the first innin's. He ain't never played ball since. And Smitty, who's always been a natural second baseman, he had my job."

"He's filled it pretty good," said Lefty.

"THAT'S either here or there," retorted Healy. "If I'd been around, nobody'd ever knowed if he could play third base or not. And the worst of him is," he added, "that he never gets hurt."

"Maybe you ain't prayed for him like you done for Lambert," said Young Jake. "What happened to the gal? Did you give her the air?"

"No, I didn't," said Healy. "When I give my word, I keep it. I simply wrote and told her that I'd agreed to marry her and I wouldn't go back on it. But that my feelin's towards her was the same as if she was an advanced case of spinal meningitis. She never answered the letter, so I don't know if we're still engaged or not."

The inning was over and the boys were coming in.

"Joe was lucky to get out of that with only two runs," remarked Lefty. "But of course it was Sam that put him in bad."

"I'm goin' to see if he'll leave me get up on the lines," said Young Jake, "so I can get a better look at that dame."

The manager waited for Sam to catch up.

"What the hell was the matter with you, Sam?" he demanded.

Sam looked silly.

"I thought——"

"That's where you make your mistake!" the manager broke in. "Tough luck, Joe! But two runs are nothing. We'll get 'em back."

"Shall I go up on the lines?" asked Young Jake, hopefully.

"You? No!" said the manager. "You, Mike," turning to Healy, "go over and coach at third base. You brought us luck yesterday."

So it was Mike who was held partly responsible a few moments later when Smitty, who had tripled, was caught napping off the bag.

"Nice coachin', Mike!" said Lefty, as Healy came back to the bench.

"Why don't he watch hisself!" growled Mike. "And besides, I did yell at him!"

"You're a liar!" said Lefty. "Your back was to the ball game. You were lookin' up in the stand."

"Why would I be lookin' at the stand!" demanded Healy.

But nobody answered him. There was silence for a time. The boys were depressed; in their own language, their dauber was down. Finally Young Jake spoke.

"She's starin' right over this way!" he said.

"Who?" asked Gephart.

"That dame I pointed out. In the tan suit. 'Way over behind third base, the other side of the screen, in the fourth row."

"I see her. Not bad!"

"I'll say she's not bad!" said Jake.

"Women!" said Healy. "You better get your mind on baseball or you'll be back in that silo league, jumpin' from town to town in a w'eelbarrow."

"I don't see why you should be off all women just because one of them brought you a little hard luck."

"SHE wasn't the only one! Why, say, if it wasn't for women I'd be playin' regular third base for McGraw right now and cuttin' in on the big money every fall."

"I didn't know you was ever with McGraw."

"I wasn't," said Healy, "but I ought to been, and would of been only for a woman. It was when I was playin' with the Dayton club; my first year in baseball. Boy, I was fast as a streak! I was peggin' bunts to first base before the guy could drop his bat. I covered so much ground to my left that I was always knockin' the shortstop down and bumpin' heads with the right fielder. Everybody was marvelin' at me. Some of the old-timers said I reminded them of Bill Bradley at his best, only that I made Bradley look like he was out of the game for a few days.

"Baldy Pierce was umpirin' in our league that year. He wasn't a bad umps, but he never left business interfere with pleasure. Many's the time he called the last fella out in the last innin's when the fella was safer than a hot chocolate at the Elks' convention—just because Baldy was hungry for supper.

"He was so homely that dogs wouldn't live in the same town, and his friends used to try and make him wear his mask off the field as well as on. And yet he grabbed some of the prettiest gals you ever see. He said to me once, he said, 'Mike,' he said, 'you tell me I'm homelier than Railroad Street, but I can cop more pips than you can with all your good looks!'"

At this point there were unprintable comments by Lefty, Gephart, and other occupants of the bench.

"One of these gals of his," Healy went on, "was a gal named Helen Buck from Hamilton, Ohio. She was visitin' in Dayton and come out to the ball game. The first day she was there a lot of the boys was hit in the face by thrown balls, and every time a foul went to the stand the whole infield run in to shag it. But she wouldn't look at nobody but Pierce.

"Well, McGraw had heard about me, and he sent a fella named McDonald, that was scoutin' for him, to look me over. It was in September and we was just about through. How the games come out didn't make no difference, but I knowed this McDonald was there and what he was there for, so I wanted to make a showin'. He had came intendin' to stay two days, but he'd overlooked a skip in the schedule that left us without no game the second day, so he said one game would have to be enough, as he had to go somewheres else.

"We was playin' the Springfield club. I had a good day in the field, but Bill Hutton, who started pitchin' for them, he was hog wild

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and walked me the first two times up. The third time they was a man on third and I had to follow orders and squeeze him home. So I hadn't had no chance to really show what I could do up there at the plate.

"Well, we come into the ninth innin's with the score tied and it was gettin' pretty dark. We got two of them out, and then their first baseman, Jansen, he got a base on balls. Bill Boone caught a hold of one just right and cracked it to the fence and it looked like Jansen would score, but he was a slow runner. Davy Shaw, our shortstop, thought he must of scored and when the ball was throwed to him he throwed it to me to get Boone, who was tryin' for three bases.

"Well, I had took in the situation at a glance; I seen that Jansen hadn't scored and if I put the ball on Boone quick enough, why the run wouldn't count. So I lunged at Boone and tagged him before Jansen had crossed the plate. But Pierce said the score counted and that Boone wasn't out because I'd missed him. Missed him! Say, I bet that where I tagged him they had to take stitches!

"Anyway, that give 'em a one run lead, and when the first two fellas got out in our half everybody thought it was over. But Davy Shaw hit one to right center that a man like I could of ran around twice on it, but they held Davy at third base. And it was up to me to bring him in.

"By this time Jim Preston was pitchin' for Springfield, and Jim was always a mark for me. I left the first one go by, as it was outside, but Pierce called it a strike. Then they was a couple of balls that he couldn't call strikes. I cracked the next one over the left-field fence, but it was a few inches foul. That made it two and two, and the next ball he throwed, well, if I hadn't ducked my head just when I did they'd of been brains scattered all over Montgomery County. And what does Pierce do but yell 'Batter out!' and run for the clubhouse!

"Well, I run after him and asked him what the hell, and here is what he said. He said, 'Mike,' he said, 'these games don't mean nothin', but if this here game had of wound up a tie it would of meant a game tomorrow, when we got a off day. And I made a date for tomorrow to go on a picnic with my little gal in Hamilton. You wouldn't want me to miss that, would you?'"

"Why," inquired Young Jake, "didn't you break his nose or bust him in the chin?"

"His nose was already broke," said Healy, "and he didn't have no chin. I tried to get a hold of McDonald, the fella that was there scoutin' me. I was goin' to explain the thing to him. But he'd left town before I could catch him. It seems, though, that he'd set over to the side where he couldn't see what a lousy strike it was and he told a friend of mine that he couldn't recommend a man that would take a third strike when a base hit would of tied up the game; that on top of me 'missin'' Boone at third——"

ANOTHER half inning was over and Healy started for the third-base coaching line without waiting for the manager to reach the bench. His teammates were not in a position to see the glance he threw at a certain spot in the stand as he walked to his "work." When the side was retired scoreless and he had returned to his corner of the dugout he looked more desolate than ever.

"Women!" he said. "Why, if it wasn't for women I'd be playin' third base for Huggins; I'd have Joe Dugan's job; I'd be livin' right here in the capital of the world."

"How do you make that out?" asked Young Jake.

"It's a long story," said Healy, "but I can tell you in a few words. We was playin' the New York Club out home. Frank Baker had began to slip and Huggins was lookin' for a good young fella to take his place. He was crazy to get me, but he had heard that I didn't want to play in New York. This had came from me kiddin' with some of the boys on the New York Club, tellin' 'em I wouldn't play here if they give me the town. So Huggins wanted to make sure before he started a trade. And he didn't want no one to see him talkin' to me. So he came around one night to the hotel where I was livin' at the time. I was up in my room waitin' for the phone gal to be off duty. She was stuck on me and I had a date to take her for a drive. So when Huggins come to see me she said I was out. She was afraid her date was goin' to be interfered with. So Huggins went away and his club left town that night."

"What did you do to her?" asked Jake.

"Oh, I couldn't do nothin' to her," said Healy. "She claimed she didn't know who it was."

"Didn't he give his name?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it was Huggins?"

"She said it was a little fella."

"He ain't the only little fella."

"He's the littlest fella I know," said Healy.

"But you ain't sure what he wanted to see you for."

"What *would* Huggins want to see me for—to scratch my back? But as I say, she didn't know who it was, so I couldn't do nothin' to her except ignore her from then on, and they couldn't of been no worse punishment as far as she was concerned."

"All and all," summed up Lefty, "if it wasn't for women, you'd of been playin' third base for McGraw and Huggins and this club, all at the same time."

"Yes," said Healy, "and with Washin'ton, too. Why——"

"Mike Healy!" interrupted the voice of Dick Trude, veteran usher. "Here's a mash note and it wants an answer."

Healy read the note and crumpled it in his hand.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Look where I point," said Trude. "It's that good-lookin' dame in the tan suit, in the fourth row, back of third base. There! She asked me who you was when you was out there coachin'. So I told her, and she give me that note. She said you could answer yes or no."

"Make it 'yes,'" said Healy, and Trude went away.

Healy threw the crumpled note under the water bottle and addressed Young Jake.

"What I want you to get through your head, boy——"

"Oh, for God's sakes, shut up!" said Young Jake.

"Well, I thought to myself, I'll give this dame an unpleasant surprise, so I didn't even hold her hand all evenin'."

THE END

When Beauty Backfires

By SOPHIE KERR

A Celebrated Novelist Describes the Hazards of Being Lovely

From a portrait by Tade Styka

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE

Muray Photo

HELEN LEE WORTHING

Arnold Genthe Photo

MAXINE ELLIOTT

WHAT MAKES A "BEAUTY"?

REAL BEAUTY, says Sophie Kerr, is seldom found—and it's a great discovery when you DO find it. As illustrations of the difference between complete loveliness and that which falls short of perfection, she offers the portraits shown above, with the following comment:

We don't hear so much of Justine Johnstone as we did a few years ago, but to those who enjoy the sight of a beautiful nose, that feature which is the mainstay and prop and piece de resistance of a beautiful face, Justine's nose will always be a joy remembered.

Of all the bouquet of Follies blossoms, Helen Lee Worthing is widely acclaimed as the loveliest flower—which is quite a large order, as any specialist in this type of floral beauty will tell you. She is certainly an enchantingly pretty girl, but not quite a great beauty through a certain lack of personality, that elusive, subtle quality which you either have or haven't. But does it matter?

Maxine Elliott's name could not be spoken twenty years ago without adding the adjective "beautiful." Unique among beauties, Miss Elliott possessed also brains, ambition, and the willingness to work hard for success as an actress. If she had not been so beautiful the critics might have been more kind to her art—paradoxically, her charm and loveliness blinded the eyes of her audience to her really excellent acting.

Pictures of two more "beauties," and what the author thinks about them, will be found on the next page.

EVERYONE who knows me also knows that I have no beauty of my own to be either a curse or a blessing to me, and possibly the lack of it has made me more observant and more appreciative of it in other women. I like to look at a beautiful woman, whatever type she may be, and I resent an extremely homely woman as an offense against nature.

Curiously enough, though beautiful women are exceedingly rare, an actually hideous woman is even more rare. Oh, there are plenty and to spare of plain women, but if you will notice them closely each has one good feature: fine hair, perhaps, or white, even teeth, pretty hands or feet—something that saves them from the utter despair which complete ugliness brings to the feminine heart.

I have never seen more than two women who were hopelessly ugly, without even a single feature to redeem them, and in each case the repulsive body held a debased and wicked soul.

I have seen no less than seven beautiful women—I mean the real beauty that goes with exquisite features, ravishing color and texture of skin, a perfection of bodily proportion, and the warm charm of personality that enhances all. One was English, one was Russian, one was Italian, one was Spanish, and three were American.

I have never seen a truly beautiful Frenchwoman—sometimes I think they are too intelligent to be beautiful. They are the best dressed women in the world; they have fascination, style, grace; but their great distinctive trait is intelligence. Even among the peasants you seldom see a stupid-looking woman, and if you do see one who seems stupid, don't be too sure that it is not assumed for the purpose of driving a good bargain or gaining some other advantage. Oh, Frenchwomen are clever—no doubt of that. I contend, however, that they are not beautiful.

Of the seven actual beauties I have seen, an American with ash blonde hair (that cool, golden hair that Melisande must have had, and Elaine), gray eyes, a skin of true rose-petal fineness and color, to me surpassed all the rest. I could have looked at her by the hour,

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just as one looks at the Venus of Milo, Botticelli's Primavera, or the azure Roman sky thrillingly segmented by the Arches of Constantine. She was lovelier than any of these things, since these are all the work of man.

I consider that the one facial feature most important to beauty is the nose. Given a perfect nose and a face cannot be a failure, no matter what the chin and eyes may do. Without a perfect nose there is no absolute beauty. Straight the nose must be, and slender, but not too thin. The aquiline nose may be aristocratic, but it is not beautiful. The tip-tilted nose may be piquant, but it is not beautiful. The plump, snub nose may be childishly cute, but it is not beautiful.

The nose has another virtue besides being the greatest aid to beauty the face can have. It is almost changeless, barring obesity and accident. If you are born with a beautiful nose you will have a beautiful nose until you die unless you let yourself get very fat, or fall out of a taxicab, or engage in the art of boxing with too vigorous an opponent.

THE nose does not yellow and decay as do the teeth. It does not grow lusterless and shrunken as do the eyes. It does not turn gray as does the hair, though it may, under certain circumstances, grow rosy-red. It does not become wrinkled and shapeless as does the mouth. It does not sprout a crop of little hairs as does the upper lip.

It is a feature with a certain steadiness and changelessness, very reassuring as the years wear on. I have seen old ladies, once fair to gaze on, who still retained a haunting reminiscence of their past charms because their noses had stood by them valiantly

Turning from the physical aspect of beauty to its ethics, I have seen, as I said, only seven great beauties; of near-beauties and almost-beauties I have seen dozens, perhaps hundreds, as has everyone; but, in all instances, even when the beauty was not great, even when the owner of it could be truthfully described as no more than a "very pretty girl," I have not seen that it made its possessor truly happy, nor did it bring happiness to those who came in contact with it, beyond the mere esthetic pleasure of looking at it.

For beauty is a power, greater than money, than rank, than brilliant mentality. It is a gift of the gods, bestowed seemingly at random, before the recipient is old enough or wise enough to know how dangerous a thing great power can be and how carefully it must be handled. Most of the world's great power is won late in life, and in the stress of winning the winner learns its worth and its cost.

But beauty is the attribute of youth. Middle-aged and old women can be called beautiful, but it is in quite another sense of the word. They are women who have built for themselves an individuality so lovely, so subtle, so arresting, so fine qualitied that they charm because their faces, their words inevitably express this individuality.

It is what they are and not what they look like that makes them beautiful. I do not dispute the validity of this attraction, nor its merit, but it is not the sort of beauty I mean—not the sort that sets the world on fire and drives men to mad dreams and madder acts.

I remember my young girlhood. I was a plain, straight-haired, lanky, sharp-tongued girl, and I had a sister five years older than myself who was extremely good looking. She was a big, handsome creature, vivacious, amusing, good-tempered where I was inclined to be snippy, social where I was by preference solitary, and in every way more attractive than I.

Kadel & Herbert Photo

LADY DIANA MANNERS

P. & A. Photo

RAQUEL MELLER

CONCERNING the women pictured herewith the author offers the following observations:

Advertising does pay. Here is Lady Diana Manners, a woman of undeniable attractiveness and cleverness, who has become a "beauty" to the public mind just because the word has been repeated so often about her. Yet she isn't a real beauty, as features go, but is far from it. Interesting looking, unusual, distinguished, yes. Beautiful, no.

In the opinion of the author of this article, Raquel Meller is the most beautiful and enchanting woman alive today, the greatest actress, and the most fascinating personality. The gods have given her everything except a singing voice, but if she had that it would really be too much for any one woman. Already she has some million times as much beauty and distinction as the average female of the species.

It was all very well while I was a little girl, but when I put my hair up and my dresses down—for those were the days of long skirts and long hair—she was a most horrible handicap. She took my first, my very first, beau away from me, and if that is not a tragedy at sixteen I don't know what is.

It happened in this way. I had met, away from home and away from the shadow of her popularity, a man some ten years older than myself, and he had liked me. Talk of thrills! A suitor of mature years, a grown-up man, not just a leggy, unsophisticated boy of my own age! My vanity was puffed up like a toy balloon.

He came to see me at my home. Somehow, I had not thought about my sister; I had been naively certain that he liked me and would keep on liking me. I received him with pride and joy; I introduced him to my mother with all the airs of a kitten with its first mouse, and then, then—my sister came in!

In five minutes I knew I had lost him. In ten I knew he had forgotten me. In fifteen my sister was playing the piano, and he was singing to her accompaniment. I was not musical. I went upstairs and was not missed. The evening I had looked forward to with such rapture was ruined, my heart was broken, and I had had a convincing demonstration of the curse of beauty as it affects those who do not possess it. Never, before or since, have I been more unhappy.

IT seems very funny now, especially since I saw my erstwhile suitor not long ago, and he has become very fat, very pompous, very untidy, and oh, how dull and stupid! I thanked heaven piously that his fancy had strayed away from me, and I recalled the young person who had wasted tears on his defection with a smile and a sigh.

I was not jealous of my sister, though, for various reasons. She was far too gay and sweet tempered to nurse a grudge against, and I did not deceive myself as to the fact that she was too genuinely out of my class in looks for me to attempt any serious rivalry with her. But I realized after this one illuminating episode that if I were ever to register socially it would have to be away from her, because when she was around I had no chance. I was only "Jessie Kerr's sister," nothing more.

So I made my first great observation concerning Beauty—and here it is: Beauty is unconsciously selfish. My sister had no intention of stealing my suitor; he meant nothing to her; she wouldn't have wounded me for the world, but she was so accustomed to being the center of our social universe that she had accepted the position as commonplace and thought everyone else had done the same.

The incident didn't even discourage me in my admiration of beauty. At college I promptly developed a younger girl's crush on an older girl, a Virginian, who had far more than her rightful share of beauty and charm. She was very dark, with big brown eyes and the beautiful teeth that make smiling such a pleasure to all concerned.

She was a luscious creature, with a nature as honestly sweet, but not namby-pamby stuff. She treated my admiration and affection for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

her wholesomely, not encouraging it too much, and not discouraging it too much, either. I was very fond of her and loved to be with her. And often she told me things about her love affairs. This led to a confidence which gave me my second sharp realization of beauty.

My friend was engaged to be married to a young man who was tremendously in love with her. Other young men were in love with her, too, but the sweep and scope of the passion of this one had captured her. I do not think she understood it, or responded to it, but it was too earnest, too great for her to slight or neglect. I believe she felt, unconsciously, that she would be safe in the shelter of such an overpowering, single-hearted affection.

She was telling me about it. I listened, all ears, as one always listens to a love affair.

"And he wrote me the other day," she concluded, "that he loves me more than anything in the world or in heaven—that he loves me"—she lowered her voice, impressively—"*more than his God!*"

I LOOKED at her closely to see how she had taken this statement, but could see no faintest flicker of amusement in her eyes. Young as I was, the juvenile bathos of his declaration tickled me immensely, and I wanted very much to laugh at him. Inwardly I fairly rocked with mirth. The funny, the ridiculous young man, making a gesture of defiance toward a Creator of whom he knew nothing, to impress the girl he loved! And she—to be impressed thereby!

"Well," was my unspoken thought, "she is certainly beautiful, but she hasn't got much sense."

I liked her just as much afterward, but it was a different sort of liking. We had changed places—I might have been the older, she the younger. My comment, though crude, was exact, and it makes a fairly just generalization for the greater part of our beauties and our near-beauties. They may be beautiful, but they haven't got much sense. I will add, with feeling, they do not need it. They get along wonderfully without it. That is, on the surface.

Consider, if you please, the slights, the indifference, the ingratitude, the unrewarded expenditure of time and attention and money which the suitors of a beautiful girl must endure.

Beauty needs make no excuses for a broken engagement. If she is to lunch with Tommy and Dick calls up and urges her to go with him instead, Tommy is a lucky man indeed if he doesn't get called up himself and informed that the date is off, within half an hour of the appointed time.

If Beauty deigns to keep an engagement, she may come abominably late, but if she says "I'm sorry," and smiles, she'll be forgiven instantly. If Beauty chooses to be brutally frank and tells Bob that she prefers to dance this fox with Walter, because Walter dances so much better than Bob, even though she has promised every fox-trot of the evening to Bob, he can do nothing at all to bring home to her the enormity of her offense against good manners and good feeling.

Should he become justly angry at such treatment, Beauty banishes him at once from the light of her presence. If he sits down alone and glowers at Beauty and Walter on the floor, he makes himself a figure for the comic strip. My counsel to Bob is that he hunt up some plain girl who hasn't many partners and let her gratitude and effort to please and entertain him soothe his wounded masculine spirit.

Which reminds me to call the gentle reader's attention to the number of men who have been very much in love with a beautiful girl but who have had sound judgment enough to pick a plainer one for a wife. The reason is obvious. They realized that a man who marries Beauty gets little else, and, while such a wife may be pleasant to gaze upon, she is so spoiled, so selfish, so vain, she can give him nothing of that companionship and mutual interest, and even ordinary domestic comfort, to say nothing of an enduring affection.

Very few beauties make good marriages, or even lasting ones. An admirer is so different from a husband!

Beauty knows no rules of the game; she is unwilling to play fair. That is another generalization which was forced upon my notice by a strange and regrettable incident.

The brother of one of my college friends was engaged to an unusually lovely girl. His name was Edgar B. He was young, sensitive, very much in love. While he was finishing his law course in a distant city the girl died, with tragic suddenness. Edgar, grief stricken, promptly put on the black garments of an official mourner and hastened to make the long journey home for her funeral.

You can imagine his feelings, and the feelings of the girl's immediate family, when two other young men besides Edgar turned up in deep mourning and offered letters and quoted vows to show that they were also engaged to her. They were all nice boys, each one perfectly eligible, each one piteously in earnest.

No one of the three was willing to give way to the others, so they all attended the funeral, each in his deep black, each pretending to be unaware of the existence of the other two, each covertly seeking precedence in the mourning cortege. The dwellers of that quiet town still speak of the occasion in awed tones, for it made itself into a drama beyond anything they had ever seen. But they excused the girl.

"She was so beautiful!" they say. "Why, she might have been engaged to a dozen. Of course, it wasn't, strictly speaking, the right thing for her to do, but so many boys were crazy over her she didn't know what it meant to them."

YOU see, there it is again. To Beauty is given so much that she has no knowledge of its true value. I only know the sequel of the story so far as it concerns Edgar. I cannot answer for the other two, but I hope they won through the shock and disillusionment better than he did.

He had been a hard student, ambitious and of fine character. Under the blow dealt him by Beauty's dead hand he became an idler, a waster, for a while a hard drinker, and a man bitterly angry against women—all women. But he had enough strength and courage to pull himself together after a wild year and go on with his study and his career. Only his trust in women never returned.

The effect on the character of the possessor of beauty of so much leniency, so much instant forgiveness for unkindness, for rudeness, for shirking her duties to herself and to society is almost always bad. She feeds on flattery—and it sustains her in her worst faults.

Real beauties seldom have the strength of character to resist the corrosion of endless adulation. They do not need to read and study, since men hang on their stupidest words. They do not need to be polite, since for one offended suitor there will be three more unoffended, willing to endure any slight or snub. They do not need to be conventional—their beauty places them above conventions. They do not even need to be moral, for their beauty exempts them from the usual penalty of the moral laws—as long as it lasts.

It takes a woman of brains and character and sense in unlimited quantities to hold a steady, sane course amid such high waves of privilege—privilege that is not merely offered, or obtainable, but urged upon her, almost impossible to avoid. And these privileges of beauty are part of its great, unending curse.

Not without good reason has the phrase "beautiful moron" come into such general use. I ask you only to think of the most beautiful woman you know and consider her conversation. If it is marked by sanity and sweetness and decorum and wit, she is one in a million million. But I would be willing to bet everything I have that it is dull to tears. Only because she is so easy to look at you forget and forgive—you hardly hear her inanities. For the time being you are deaf, deaf by dazzlement.

YET I do not believe that the worst curse of beauty is its accompaniment of small brains and excessive bad manners, nor even its unawareness of the moral code. It is the awful suffering it brings when its inevitable end approaches. Whoever has seen a woman once beautiful struggling frantically to keep it when middle age approaches has beheld a shocking drama of human vanity and despair.

The battle against wrinkles, graying hair, thickening waistline, and stiffening muscles is waged against a relentless foe. Dyes, massage, skin treatment, starvation, exercise, and frequently the surgeon, are all weapons to the woman who sees her beauty departing. And all are of no avail. They may apparently arrest age for a while, but Time wins in the end.

I once knew an old woman who had been a great beauty—crowds had gathered to see her pass; yes, actually! But when I knew her she was raddled and ruddled—I thank you, Mr. Pinero, for that phrase—with hair dyed a harsh, unnatural brown, with rouge and powder filling her wrinkles, and with an abject misery in her eyes.

Only her pretty little feet, her slender ankles remained of all her charms, and these she was forever putting on high footstools, as much, I believe, for her own gratification as to win a little of the admiration with which she used to be deluged.

Last drop of her sorrow, her three daughters were extremely plain; she did not even have the joy of seeing her beauty live again in them. I never saw a sadder sight than this old ruin, still giving herself the airs and coquetries of her young, radiant days.

Only a week or so ago the head of a flourishing "beauty shop" said to me, "I never before realized how much her beauty means to a woman, but I now have two clients who have been magnificent, but who are now fading. The anguish they are enduring is as real as it is great. One of them, I believe, is on the verge of suicide."

I could understand it. She who has once possessed this great power might easily kill herself when it is taken away from her. And that is the real curse of beauty. It does not last, and when it goes it never leaves any compensating force in its stead. What? Never? Well, hardly, hardly ever. She hasn't had to cultivate other attractions in her youth because beauty was all sufficient.

But ask any woman you know what gift she would demand if her fairy godmother suddenly appeared with wand in hand and promises on her lips. What will she reply? If she is a real woman, she will say, instantly, "*Beauty!*"

THE END

The Love Story of a Modern Girl and a Young Man with a Past

Cigarettes

ROGER BURNSIDE SNELL was a goon. It is true that until a certain evening in his twenty-fifth year he did not know it—but how many of us would really like to know ourselves if we had the chance? And even if he had discovered the depths of his goonishness earlier it would probably have made little difference in his development.

Modern science finds it easy to alter the celebrated spots of the leopard by a proper application of lipstick; but as the twig is bent so the tree's inclined, and the bending of Roger's family tree had occurred so many years before he was born that his career from the instant of his entrance into the world was already mapped out for him with the rigid precision of an algebraic formula. Burbank couldn't even have made a loganberry out of him.

Roger was born not only with a platinum spoon in his mouth but with an ooze-leather edition of the Book of Etiquette as well. The Snells were not merely old New Yorkers—they were Old New York. Their first large American country estate had long ago been swallowed up in the clangor of Fourteenth Street, but otherwise they had remained superbly undigested.

They were always unpopular, and reveled in it. Perhaps their habit of keeping diaries had something to do with it. No Snell had ever been known who did not keep a diary and could not refer to it at a moment's notice to prove you wrong upon any given point.

As for Roger himself, he found himself, unfortunately, at the age of five, not only a Snell but *the* Snell. Only son of an only son, his father's premature death at the height of his epistolary powers (brought on, his enemies said, by acute writer's cramp contracted while endeavoring to compress his personal opinion of President Roosevelt within the limits of a line-a-day book) left him almost in the position of a splendid but slightly brittle historical monument, to be watched and tended with the greatest care.

It is thus hardly remarkable that Roger at seven knew just when Roger at seventeen would be made a prefect at Groton, and that Roger at seventeen was aware of the very hour at which Roger at twenty-five would be admitted to the bar—and how nothing but an unaccountable convulsion of Nature could save Roger at thirty from duly wedding his cousin, Lydia Snell Van Tromp, or Roger at sixty-two from being appointed Chief Justice of the United States.

It must not be surmised, however, that Roger was either a weakling or entirely a prig. The Snells changed with the times as they deplored them; and Roger neither put pineapple juice in his cocktails nor fled the sight of a flapper with shrill, antiquated cries. In fact, to all outward appearance Roger seemed singularly like most of the young men of his age in the Harvard Club. In fact, the only real trouble with Roger was that never once in his life had he ever enjoyed himself from anything but a sense of his duty to society.

If he had, he would never have gone to the Sept Arts Ball in the first place. He hated

"ROGER, dear, I couldn't disarrange your schedule. Besides—Billy says marrying somebody you love is broiling a nightingale to make a second-rate club sandwich."

By
STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

masquerade costume as only a slightly near-sighted young man who has ever tried to wear a mask either over or under spectacles can hate it. But his cousin, Lydia, had suggested the adventure—and a Snell never refused an invitation from a Snell.

They went in a large party and watched the revels for a while with the decorous mirth of Martians on a slumming visit to Earth.

"Really," said Lydia, mildly, "these bohemians!" The sort of bohemians she was thinking of had disappeared with gilded rolling pins and the old-fashioned nightshirt, but Trilby was a daring modern novel to Lydia.

"Let's dance!" said Roger, with something of a sigh.

They danced. The floor became increasingly crowded. Forty-two Cleopatras who had thought that nobody else would dare to come as Cleopatra discovered each other with eyes of loathing and scorn. Flasks gurgled in corners.

Roger found it all very boring. He had danced his duty dances religiously with all the girls of his party, from Miss Adams to Miss Wynkoop, in alphabetical order—and it had taken a great deal of time. It was getting late, and he still had to write his diary when he got home. He surrendered Miss Wynkoop to the arms of her next partner with an automatic smile, and turned to look for Lydia.

HE peered at the whirling merry-go-round of colors and costumes. What the dickens was Lydia wearing?—sort of a Carmen thing. Damn the music! If it would only stop for a second he could pick her out perfectly easily. Ah—there!—as Carmen moved past in the arms of a whiskered Directoire dandy.

"M'y—c'n—p'l," murmured Roger, in the mystic formula that once was "May I cut in, please?" and cut in.

He hadn't gone five steps before he realized the difference in Lydia's dancing. But, even so, he was horrified when to his conventional "Crowded, isn't it?" a perfectly unknown voice replied, "I wondered if it could speak."

"*What!*" said Roger Burnside Snell, and trod heavily upon a Franciscan friar's heel.

"Oh, nothing," said the cool, unfamiliar voice; "but I just wondered. Those statuesque lips have been closed in a sweet, firm, manly smile ever since we first weren't introduced."

"I—I *beg* your pardon," said Roger, confusedly. "I'm terribly sorry; I thought you were——"

"Never apologize except to policemen, and seldom then," said the strange young person dreamily. "Besides, your friend with the dear little boxwood hedge on his face had to step on my feet every minute to convince himself he was sober. Do you Charleston?"

"Y-yes. I've been there. A charming old Southern city."

"I didn't say had you—I said did you," sighed the voice. "And if you hasn't, you is to now, 'cause Chattanooga papa, Chattanooga papa, your Memphis mama's just comin' to town," she hummed. "See—like this." And Roger, dazed, tried vainly to comprehend the acrobatic twinkles of her feet.

Later he found himself, to his intense surprise, smoking a cigarette beside the strange young person in a secluded corner of the stairs. He didn't dare think of Lydia. He didn't dare think of the time. He only knew that it was very late, and that he wished it would go on forever.

A news photographer came up to them with

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his camera, and Roger paled, visioning his relatives' faces as they saw the inexplicable picture in the rotogravure sections.

"If I could just have the name," said the photographer, briskly. "We're trying to get all the prominent New Yorkers."

Roger straightened. "The name is Roger," he began, in honest but septic tones.

"Roger Bugg—two g's—and wife," finished the strange young person, briskly. "No, we're not New Yorkers—we're just on from Dubuque, but we've always wanted to see something of New York, so when Roger sold his delicatessen business, 'Papa Roger,' I said——"

"Oh!" said the photographer, visibly losing interest, and, packing up his apparatus, he betook himself elsewhere. Roger stared at her, his eyes solemn with gratitude.

"I've never known anybody like you in my life," he said.

"Tut, tut, dear; you're getting to be a big boy now," said the strange young person cryptically. "By the way, what's the rest of the Roger, as long as we're telling our real names?"

"Roger Burnside Snell," said Roger, rather proudly.

The strange young person giggled.

"Well, it might have been worse," she said. "It might have been Snellie."

ROGER gazed at her incredulously. "But haven't you ever heard of the Snells?" he said, with naive snobbery.

"Not except in the telephone book. But even I'm in that."

"We never have our names in the telephone book," announced Roger, firmly.

"Why not?" said the strange young person, unimpressed. "Are you merely honest bootleggers, or only afraid somebody will call you up and ask what's another eight-letter word for Scandinavian emu?"

"Bootleggers!" said Roger, deeply. "Bootleggers, indeed!"

"Agreed," said the strange young person. "The way bootleggers are these days, you hardly dare take a drink unless they throw in a pair of glass eyes. Listen—who's that tall goon over there in the camel's-hair pajamas—know him?"

"The tall *who?*"

"The goon, Lord Chumley—the goon over there who forgot to stop growing. He's looking at you as if you were a bum ice cream parlor and he was a Greek."

"That—oh, that's just one of my cousins—Snell Burnside," said Roger, uncomfortably. "But what did you call him?"

"A goon. Sacred goldfish! Haven't you heard about goons and jiggers?"

"No. What are they? The funny things you get in a radio set?"

"No, Mr. Cantor; they're people—kinds of people. A psychology professor made it up first. He says there are only two kinds of people—jiggers and goons."

"But what *are* goons?"

"Well," said the strange young person, wrinkling her nose, "that's kind of hard. I mean, you can't define them out of a dictionary exactly. But you can *tell* them in a minute. For instance, let's see—people everybody knows—well, Coolidge is a goon and Dawes is a jigger. Roosevelt was a jigger, so was Napoleon; but Wilson and the Duke of Wellington were both goons."

"I see."

"No, you don't. Let it sink in. But the minute you do see—why, all you have to do is to look at a person and you can tell in a minute if they're a jigger or a goon. Morals and

success and all that hasn't much to do with it; it's more—Oh, temperament, I suppose. And of course a goon can be a goon with a jigger streak—and vice versa. Milton's a goon, I suppose, but he certainly had streaks of jigger. And a man can never take a drink and be a jigger, but a man who says, 'I never drink—but, of course, if you want to——' is a great big goon. And Mary Queen of Scots was a jigger, but old Lady Elizabeth was a good deal of a goon."

"You're a jigger," said Roger suddenly.

"Thanks. And you're a——" She hesitated.

"No, I know it," said Roger dolefully, "I'm a goon."

"Well," remarked the strange young person rather feebly, "anyhow—goons are just as good as jiggers."

"Oh—*good!*" Roger was bitter.

"And I've known lots of nice goons." Roger felt, to his sorrow, how comforting she was trying to be. "Of course," she added candidly, "jiggers *are* jiggers."

"And goons are goons," said a voice from the pit of despair. "And I've been a goon all my life and never knew it. I suppose there isn't any way a dyed-in-the-wool goon could ever get to be—less of a goon——!"

"We-e-l-l," said the strange young person dubiously.

II.

HER name was Teresa Trent, but everyone called her Terry. She lived in one large room at the top of an old red house in University Place with a drawing board, a cat named Cyrano de Bergerac, a hyacinth named Bertie, and a tall, silent roommate named Eloise, who did all the mending.

Terry made her living by drawing the tall, casual, chinless, and hipless ladies who display the newest styles with such weary grace in the pages of the smarter fashion magazines—but babies and elephants were what she really liked to draw, only there was no market for elephants—and the market for babies was restricted to babies so portentously chubby that they looked as if they had been brought up on a diet of toy balloons. Her age was twenty-two, she was not impressed by distinguished great-grandfathers, and all her friends were jiggers except Roger Snell.

Two weeks after he first met her Roger began a new volume of his diary with the simple declarative statement, "I think I must be going crazy"—the Snells were always candid. Then he started to erase the sentence, but an innate regard for veracity made him stay his hand. It was only too true.

For a Snell to stoop to visit the casual studio-existence of untidy people who wrote or drew or played pianos in attics and basements was bad enough—though excusable if undertaken in a spirit of scientific investigation. But for a Snell to condescend so far, only to be sat upon, was simply unthinkable. And yet, that was just what happened to Roger. There was no blinking the fact that he was not a success among Terry's friends.

It was not that Terry's friends actively disliked him. They were polite enough—even too polite. But as soon as they began to talk about something that really interested them Roger automatically disappeared from the conversation like a ghost at cockcrow and remained smoking an endless chain of cigarettes by himself in a corner until it was time for him to go home. Occasionally Terry, by a heroic effort, would pull him back into the circle for

YES, Billy was out—cold. There seemed to be little doubt about that. And the puncture marks which Roger had suspected were now clearly revealed by the torn sleeve. In fact, Billy was a sight, thought Roger rejoicingly.

a few minutes, but he always submerged again promptly, leaving not even a bubble to show where he had drowned.

Roger sent her flowers, but they were goonish flowers. He sent her books, but they always looked like visiting wealthy relatives on her battered shelves. And then there was Billy Peters.

Billy Peters was a jigger from the soles of his shoes to the part in his hair. He had the complete lack of manners of a spoiled little girl and the charm of a Pierrot. And every time Roger saw him he hated and envied him more.

There was the time when they all went to Carlotta's for dinner, for instance. It was Roger who paid the check, but Billy whom everyone thanked for the party. There were other things.

"Won't you marry me, Terry?"

"Oh, Roger, I couldn't—it would disarrange your life schedule so."

"Terry!"

"But, Roger, dear, I couldn't disarrange your schedule. Think of how all your ancestors would broadcast their diaries at me on Resurrection Day!"

"I suppose that means you're going to marry Peters."

"I don't know. Besides—Billy doesn't believe in getting married, much. He says marrying somebody you love is broiling a nightingale to make a second rate club sandwich."

"Yeah! Where did he read that?"

"Now, Roger—you always take things so seriously——"

And so it went. And so it probably would have remained if it hadn't been for Roger's cold.

When Roger had a cold, he had a cold. The Snell colds were as justly celebrated as the Snell nose—and curing a cold, with the Snells, involved a lengthy and complicated ritual. Consequently there were more than two weeks during which Roger did not see Terry at all—and it was an enfeebled and bemufflered Roger with legs which felt but clumsily adapted for purposes of locomotion who finally rang the bell of the house in University Place.

IT was not Terry, but the silent Eloise, who received him. He always felt a little more comfortable with Eloise than with most of Terry's friends—she was generally in the background, too.

"No, I don't know where Terry is," said Eloise. Her voice sounded a little strange. "Maybe you'll find her over at Billy's—I know some of the crowd are over there tonight, and Terry's been going there quite a lot lately."

"Thanks," said Roger, and Eloise looked at him as if there were something more she wanted to say. Finally she spoke.

"You haven't been gracing us with your society of late," she said.

"No," said Roger, and sneezed. "Had a cold."

"Terry's lost her job, you know," said Eloise.

"What?"

"Yes. Both of them. She's been pretty upset about it." Eloise looked carefully away from him. "Billy's been left quite a bit of money, by the way. Uncle or something. He's sailing for Paris soon."

"Oh!" said Roger.

"Yes." Then Eloise did a curious thing. She stepped close to Roger and took both his hands in hers.

"Terry's a darn little fool, Roger," she said, intensely. "She needs somebody to beat her over the head and teach her some things about Billy—and his cigarettes."

"Cigarettes?"

But Eloise had dropped his hands and retired into her silences.

"Well, I'd go over to Billy's, cold or no cold," she said, and turned away.

Roger was so upset that he barely noticed the putty-faced man with the tray of pencils who brushed by him as he reached Billy's door. But a certain mechanical part of his mind registered the face. His office had been interested in a certain dope investigation recently—and what was "Pencil Harry," the often arrested but seldom convicted, doing off his regular peddler's route? He forgot about it the next moment as he rang Billy's doorbell.

Billy seemed surprised to see him, but polite enough, for Billy. Some other people were there, and the usual talk, to which Roger could

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only contribute an occasional expressive sneeze, was going on. Then the other people left, but, though Billy obviously expected him to leave with them, Roger remained. He cast about for subjects of conversation.

"How's Terry these days?" he queried. "I haven't seen her."

"All right," said Billy, bored. "That's a bad cold of yours, Snell. Ought to take care of it." He looked at Roger reflectively. "Bed's a good way," he suggested.

"I've tried bed," said Roger, briefly. "I hear you're going to Paris."

"Uhuh," said Billy. "Next week, maybe." He added, as if it didn't follow, "Terry'd be keen on Paris, wouldn't she?"

"I suppose so," said Roger, writhing. He sneezed again.

"About that cold of yours," said Billy, oddly solicitous. "As I was saying, the best thing to do is just to go straight to bed and——"

BUT here he was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Now, who in heck's that?" Billy said, frowning; but his surprise would not have deceived a district attorney.

"Let me," said Roger, and, getting to the door ahead of him, swung it open, as Terry rushed in, talking very fast.

"Sorry I'm late, Bill. Where's the rest of the bunch? I had to—oh, hello, Roger!" Her face changed, grew strained. "Hello, Roger," she repeated inanely.

"Hello, Terry."

"We—we haven't seen much of you lately, Roger."

"No. I had a—a grippe."

"Oh," said Terry, as if queerly surprised. "I'm sorry. I thought you—I heard—I mean I didn't know you had grippe. It was—uh—grippe, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Grippe."

"Oh!" said Terry, and sat down, apparently bereft of all her desire to talk.

"Yes," said Billy, wearily, "and I was just telling him that the best thing to do for a case of grippe is——"

But here Terry interrupted him.

"Then you hadn't heard—about Billy's going to Paris?" she said, with her eyes on the rug.

"No. I hadn't heard."

"I suppose you were too absorbed in—that nice cousin Lydia of yours—to hear."

"My cousin Lydia has been at Palm Beach for the last three months," said Roger, loudly. Terry stared at him.

"Terry may be going to Paris, too," broke in Billy, lightly.

"I thought you'd lost your job," said Roger to Terry.

"Yes," said Terry, gazing intently at the tip of her shoe. "I—I've lost my job. But I—I may be going."

The three of them looked at each other in one of those silences that get under the skin. Then Roger sneezed.

The ridiculousness of it broke the tension at once. Terry laughed, a little hysterically.

"Thank heaven, Roger!" she said. "As a gloom dispeller you win every time. Here, Billy—give me a cigarette, and remove the scowl from your Gothic countenance. Let's be cheerful!"

"Have one of mine," said Roger, mechanically, reaching for his case.

"No, thanks. I want one of Billy's specials; never tried 'em before, but everybody says they're wonderful—send you off in a little pink cloud—huh, Billy?"

"Oh, they aren't so bad," said Billy, too offhandedly Roger thought, and reached for a little inlaid box on the mantelpiece.

It was then that Roger remembered Eloise's odd remark about Billy's cigarettes—and the putty-faced man. Oh, the thing was incredible, of course—but all the same he wished fervently that he could get a look at Billy's arm, under his shirtsleeve.

"Here you be, Terry, dear!" said Billy, with the box—"Oh—damn!" for Roger had inexplicably gotten in his way and the little white tubes were scattered over the carpet.

"Sorry," said Roger.

"You'd better be," grumbled Billy. "Those fags are a dime a throw."

"Shades of the humble camel!" said Terry. "What are they made of—platinum? Match, Billy, please—why, Roger!" for even as Billy cupped the tiny flame toward her in his hands Roger bent forward and deliberately blew it out.

"What a kid's trick, Roger Snell. 'Nother match, please, Billy," she said, indignantly, and then was dumb, for Roger had picked the cigarette from her lips and was examining it as if it were a bacillus under the microscope. He knew the perfect absurdity of the gesture—his only hope was that it might create some sort of impression on Billy.

"Say, what the——" began Billy, in irate tones, but Roger turned on him.

"Which are you specializing in now, Peters—Charley, Harry, or Mary?" he said, evenly, lingering over the underground code words that mean cocaine, heroin, and morphine.

"I don't get you," said Billy, but Roger saw his eyes flicker. He swung around to Terry.

"You're not going to Paris, Terry," he said quietly, "especially with him."

"Look here, you big goon," said Billy furiously, and Roger saw red. His fist landed glancingly on Billy's shoulder. Billy did not return the blow, but his breath sucked in suddenly.

"You'll be sorry for that," he said tritely.

"Well?"

"Yeah. But we'll do it my way. Shut up, Terry, we've got to settle this right now——"

"Check," said Roger. "No, Terry—*please* go away—it's got to be done——"

"I WON'T go away! I won't let you! I'll call the police! I'll—let me go, Roger—let me *go!*"—but Roger, in spite of her protests, carried her into the little windowless den which Billy called his workroom, shut the door, and turned the key. Then he dropped the key in a brass jar on the table and faced his adversary.

"That showed imagination," said Billy, approvingly. "Ivanhoe stuff—tourney out here—Queen of Beauty in there. You're getting on, Snell."

"Thanks," said Roger. "Ready?"

"Just a minute. This is going to be a fight, see—not a boxing match. With the lights out, to make it trickier. The people upstairs are away—the janitor's drunk—and Terry can't make anybody hear her from the street in that room—so we're safe from interruptions. And it's a fight, you understand, Snell—a real one—and to hell with you and the Marquis of Queensberry rules!"

As Billy spoke he switched off the lights and they and the room were plunged in sudden darkness. Roger braced himself like a cat and waited. Mustn't make a sound. Was that faint scraping along the carpet at his left his enemy approaching? He whirled and struck out at nothingness. A muffled chuckle came from some indefinable direction.

This waiting was getting on his nerves. He shifted cautiously to his right. A board creaked, and for ages he set himself against an attack that did not come. Then a horrible conviction overpowered him. He was going to sneeze. He—was—going—to—sneeze. He sneezed—crashingly.

Something with fifty fists and feet fell upon him instantly from behind, and the next few minutes were a whirl of dizzy combat.

They fought on the floor—they fought over chairs and under tables. Twice they rolled into the empty fireplace like a ball of fighting cats. They would lose each other in the darkness and smite harmless pieces of furniture with distressing vigor—they would find each other again and struggle until sheer exhaustion separated them. But always Roger was at a disadvantage—for Billy could creep off in the gloom for a few seconds' repairs without betraying his position—but Roger could no longer restrain his sneezes and they gave him away continually. Once Billy really had him down.

"Say 'uncle' or I'll break your neck!" Billy gasped hoarsely from above, and Roger could tell that whatever he may have intended at the beginning of the fight, he now meant complicated mayhems at the very least.

"No," said Roger, from a bloody mouth, and sneezed, and the unexpected jar of his sneeze was just enough to loosen Billy's grip for the one necessary second.

THE end came with foolish abruptness. A random blow in the dark after a confused and exhausting skirmish involving a Morris chair, which had nearly cost Billy a portion of one of his ears—and there was the noise of something collapsing suddenly, and the woodeny crack of Billy's head as it struck the floor. Roger waited two minutes, panting, but nothing stirred. Then he rose and switched on such lights as had not been abolished by the evening's diversion.

Yes, Billy was out—cold. There seemed to be little doubt about that. He slipped his hand under Billy's shirt—heart still beating—that was good. *And* the puncture marks which Roger had suspected were now clearly revealed by the torn sleeve. In fact, Billy was a sight, thought Roger rejoicingly. Then he looked at himself in the glass and shuddered. As a spectacle, he was, if anything, slightly more impressive than Billy.

Well, there was no help for it. He would have to face Terry now.

Slowly, for he was very tired, he removed the key from the brass jar and walked over to the door. He had some thoughts of attempting to repair his raiment first, but a hasty examination negatived the idea. He didn't need repairs—he needed a complete new outfit—and a drink—and a Turkish bath—and a hospital.

"Sorry, Terry," he began as he opened the door, but he never finished the sentence, for she was in his arms, saying over and over again, "Oh, you poor darling—poor, poor, poor darling—I'm so glad, Roger—so glad—I was so afraid it was Billy——"

"Well," said Roger, half muffled, and speaking with difficulty, but with a glow in his mind that made his wounds seem scratches, "I—may—be—a—goon—my—dear—but——"

"You're not—you're a jigger. Nobody on earth but a jigger could fight and sneeze at the same time!" said Terry, conclusively. "Besides, a little nitwit of a jigger like me could never marry anybody but a really ancestral goon!"

THE END

A Public Debate Between Two Notable Newly-weds on WHY They Are Happy

Is *the* First Year *of* Married Life *the* Hardest?

By John V. A. Weaver *and* Peggy Wood

Picture by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

An actress and a poet. Certainly a somewhat hazardous combination.

PEOPLE are wont to make grim jokes about the first year of married life. "Well," they are always saying, with a pitying leer, "the first year is the hardest. If you can get through that without much mishap, you have a chance of making the thing go."

Frank Craven, as you remember, wrote a play about it—a comedy with plenty of tragic significances. It was an excellent play, it made a fortune for him. That was because it was based upon an idea which is rather universally recognized as true.

We have just completed our initial twelve-month together, with a genuine knowledge that we like each other increasingly, and with the beginnings of a confidence that we are going to make a success of the years that are coming.

We are excited and a little breathless. We do not think it is any exaggeration to say that the experience we went through may have been somewhat more exacting than the normal, and the incidents and characteristics have been more sharply defined than those of most.

For we both belong to the "artist" classification; one an actress, the other a writer, not only of prose but of verse. Traditionally, such persons are high-strung, self-centered, emotional, not accustomed to steady self-control. We are, individually, no exception to that tradition. And the problems we have had to solve seem undeniably to have been heightened and sharpened by the exigencies of our characters and our metiers. An actress and a poet. Certainly a somewhat hazardous combination.

It is quite possible that our recognition of this status, from the start, aided us. We realized that we were two egotists, accustomed to the building up and the assertion of self. And, because we cared greatly for each other, we watched ourselves and checked wherever we could impulses toward infringements of rights or character.

There were, of course, the minor adjustments which had to be made—that is, the personal peculiarities, habits, fixed ideas which had to be recognized and cured or made allowance for. These are present whenever any two persons see much of each other, but when the two are a married couple, the intimacy exaggerates them, and keeps them before the mind with increasing vividness.

In the case of a writer and a player, whose nerves are, by the very nature of their occupations, highly sensitized, these idiosyncrasies are consequently more annoying than they might be to the more easy-going.

(Mr. Weaver takes up the narrative.)

I can think at once of one of these smaller sources of contention. There is my own habit of unpunctuality, and hers of overemphasis upon the letter of keeping engagements.

I suppose I have pampered myself for years by keeping as little as possible to a fixed schedule. If I become absorbed in some idea, I want to think it out, or talk about it, and the fact that dinner may be waiting, or a hostess pacing the floor wondering where I am, does not impinge

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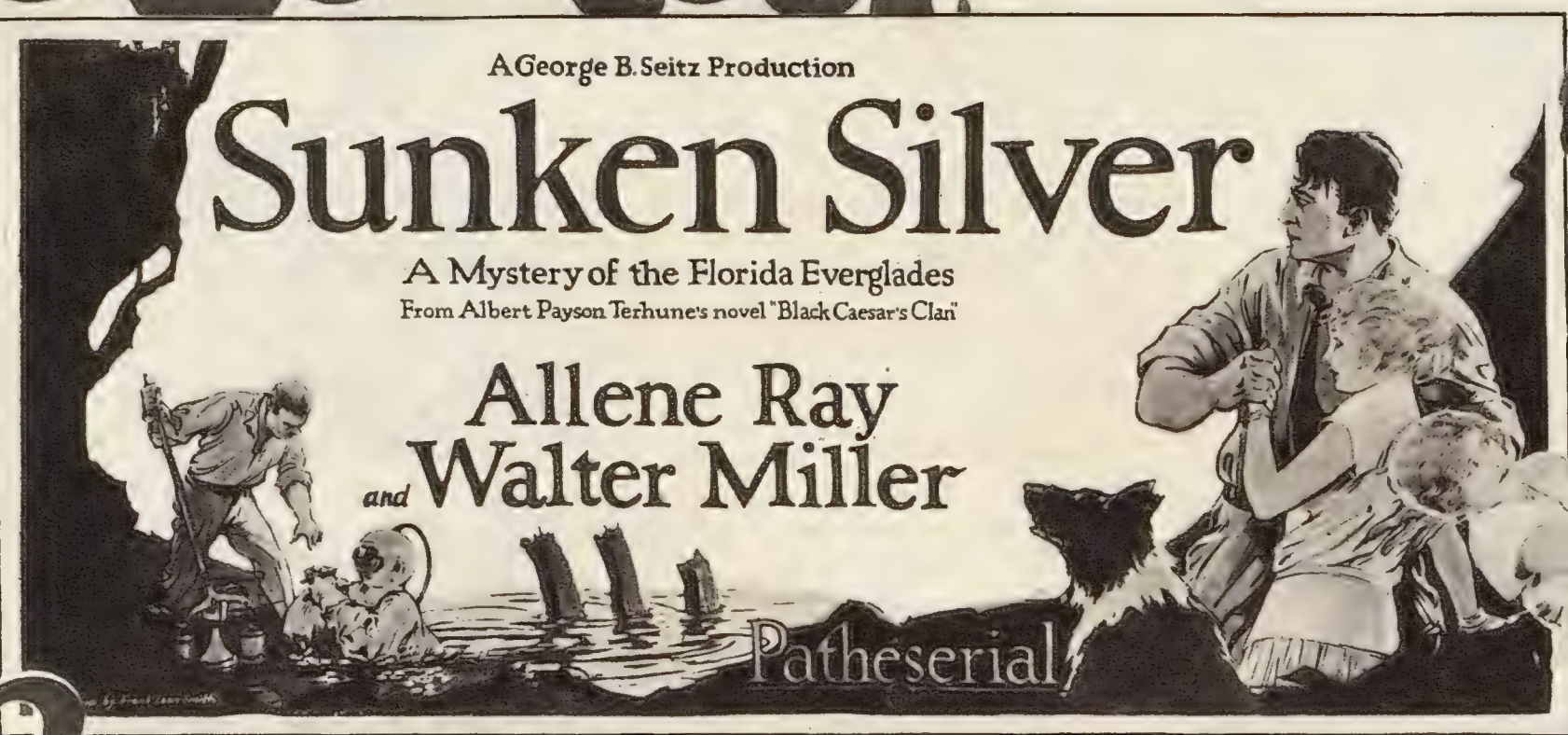
Beauty Contest

You too, may find fame and fortune in the movies!



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This is your chance to win $1000 in cash and a place in the movies! Or you may win one of 24 other big cash prizes from $750 down.

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Snapshots — *if clear* — are acceptable. Contest open to women and girls only, who are not now acting on the stage or in motion pictures. Name and address, printed plainly, must appear on back of photo and at the top of letter. Pathé reserves right to publish photos submitted. Contest closes August 15, 1925.

Mail photo and letter early enough to reach our office ON OR BEFORE AUGUST 15, 1925. Address it to "Beauty Contest Editor" at Pathé Exchange, address below.

Isn't it decidedly worth your while to enter this contest? You don't have to pay anything, buy anything or do anything other than just follow the simple rules above. Opportunity knocks but once. Don't let it pass *you* by! Send in your photograph and letter NOW, TODAY!

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You'll certainly want to see every one of the 10 enthralling weekly chapters of this master Pathéserial of great love, mystery and gripping adventure in the steaming tropics.

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Pathéserial

TRADE MARK

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 19]

upon my conscience with, perhaps, sufficient clearness. My wife, on the other hand, has always prided herself that she is regularly on time—a peculiar matter in a woman, but explained by the timetable strictness of the theater. There were many violent discussions caused by these conflicting notions, and some occurrences farcically infuriating.

Both of us have made concessions. I have done my utmost to be thoughtful regarding more important dates, and I'm sure I have improved. She, on her side, was willing to listen to my arguments, which were that while her adherence to schedule made her a "good trouper"—one who could always be depended upon on the stage—and enabled her to cover a great deal of ground in varied activities, at the same time it kept her continually on the *qui vive*, frantically alert, and shattered her repose.

John V. A. Weaver and his wife, Peggy Wood, not to mention the family bloodhound.

I maintained that matters are only relatively important, and that while some engagements were worth every effort to keep on the dot, there were others which did not warrant breaking one's neck over. She made a compromise to the extent that she does not insist upon arriving at some tea at four-thirty, just because the card reads "half after four."

Not a grave cause for squabbles, you say? Well, sometimes I think that it is not the large crises which are the most danger to marital happiness; those can be confronted and worked out. As I look about me, it appears as if the rifts between numbers of my acquaintances and their wives are due to harping on just such "tremendous trifles."

My wife has been most kind and understanding and forgiving regarding these personal peculiarities. I suppose I would have driven most women to despair with one in particular. But I shall let her tell about it.

(Explanation by Mrs. Weaver.)

MY husband tells me that he refers to his habits about a room. I don't mean in regard to his clothing; to my astonishment, I found that he picks up his suits, hangs them up, sends them to the cleaner, and manages always to look so neat that he might almost be called by that not altogether pleasing word "dapper." He even picks up my things. He sends out his own laundry. No, it's the conditions with which he loves to surround himself when he works.

I agree with him that most women would go into nervous prostration at the sight of the immediate vicinity of his typewriter. It does not distress me, but I claim no credit for that fact. You see, I am a writer's daughter.

From my earliest days I have been accustomed to seeing cigarette stubs and ashes scattered in a circle around a desk, papers in violent disarray, and manuscripts littering the floor.

I know from long experience that these conditions, accompanied by self-absorption, a certain irritability at interruption, and constant nervous indigestion, are the normal phenomena surrounding the writing activities. Hence, they do not startle or offend me. In fact, I have found that I rather miss this cataclysmic aspect, now that my husband has taken a separate room, wherever we are, to do his writing in, and there installed his typewriter and his "papers that simply must not be touched or put in order.".

But these smaller difficulties which had to be disposed of, while typical—and selected out of a host of others—were trifling, beside the major hazard which grew to a climax as the months went on.

In accordance with the usual irony of circumstances, this crisis arose from the best of intentions, and from a mutual desire to assist. It was caused by the fact that our work, while different in species, is of the same kind, and the results of it vitally interesting to both of us, and to the further consideration that our characters are fundamentally similar.

John had written a play, and he had no downright idea whether it was good or bad. He let several people read it, and they didn't know, either. John's own conclusions were that it needed rewriting considerably, and probably by an expert outsider, before it could be shown with any success. I read it, and I liked it exceedingly. I told him I thought it was quite ready to be presented as it was. He was influenced by my advice.

Along came a producer who said he would put it on. The consequence was that John tried to rewrite the thing himself *during rehearsals and the tryout,* instead of letting an expert doctor come in and kick the work into shape.

Here we have Mrs. Weaver again, showing how she keeps in condition to withstand the rigors of a stage career.

The result was one of those "not-quite" things—a play of which the dialogue and characterization were excellent, but the construction bad. A more important result—to us—was that John went through a harrowing experience, and came out so discouraged and ill that only by forgetting the play, putting it on the shelf, and ignoring its very existence was he able to recover his writing equilibrium.

That was almost a year ago, and to this day and hour he cannot even think of the play—and my advice—without becoming greatly upset.

Worse still, shortly after that he let me read a poem he had just written. I didn't like it much, and told him so. He went ahead and sold it, however, and received a number of compliments on it, including some from critics who told him it was one of the best things he had ever done.

Right then and there I learned my lesson. He can read his pieces to me, and I love to have him do so. But I listen in silence. I do not attempt to give opinions or advice.

(Mr. Weaver tells his side of this crisis.)

IT was just about the same time that I made an awful advisory blunder. Peggy was reading new plays, rejecting them steadily because they were not what she wanted. She was hoping to find one which would enable her to go out of musical comedy back into serious drama, with distinction. And she was fretting because no proper vehicle came to hand.

There was an unpleasant air of dissatisfaction around the home. I was anxious for her to resume her career, as I knew her well enough to understand that, even though everything else is going well, she cannot be really happy unless she is at her work of creative interpretation.

Soon she found herself confronted with a play which she had turned down five times before. But this time it had been rewritten by one of the master play-doctors of the theater, and was so immensely improved that she was uncertain whether she ought to reject it without a fresh consideration. I asked her to let me read it. She did so, and I told her that, while it was no great shakes as drama, I thought it would be decidedly worth doing. She did it.

I was right about the first part of the judgment. It was certainly "no great shakes." It was not exactly "panned" by the critics, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

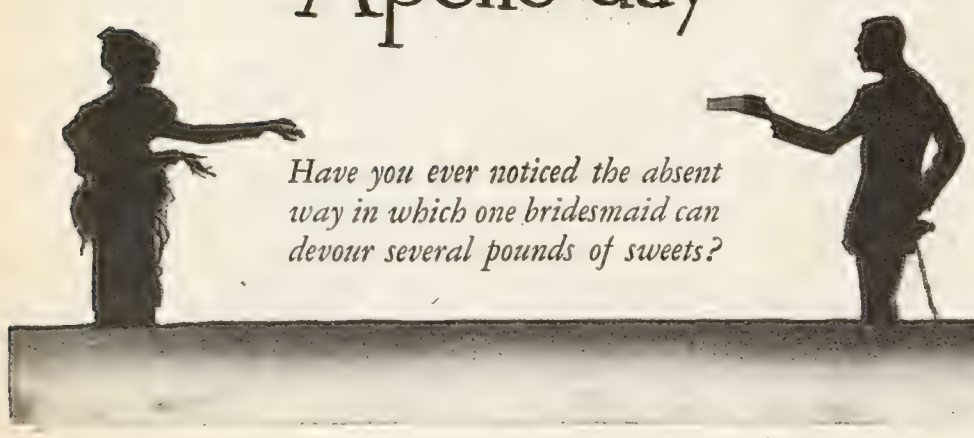
Apollo
CHOCOLATES

NO BRIDE in her right mind will thrill over a gift of chocolates—even of chocolates with the rare Apollo coating. But it is just as absurd to assume that the wedding feast can be better appointed than with silver and crystal dishes filled with Apollo flavours. We control that rich coating from the very cocoa bean itself; we control the nice manipulation of the exquisite fruits and nuts and creams and essences of the hundred Apollo flavours. But we can't possibly control the procession that is swinging into the better drug-stores and confectioners' for fresh boxes. Won't you join it?

$1.00 · $1.25 · $1.50 · $1.75

APOLLO CHOCOLATES *are made by*
F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY
128 Cross Street, Boston, Mass.

a holiday's Apollo day



Have you ever noticed the absent way in which one bridesmaid can devour several pounds of sweets?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

while the public stayed away from it in notable numbers, it dragged out an anæmic career for ten weeks. But it certainly was far from a hit.

This was a new and a horrible experience to her. Her record had been an unbroken string of successes—some of them, such as Maytime and Buddies, going into their third years, what with New York and the road. Her first venture as a married star—and a flop! And one which she had been advised—well, even urged—to do by her husband!

This was a blow to her ego and to her belief in me which it took a lot of forgiving to overcome. I quite understand her feelings. I, too, learned a valuable lesson. I am glad to have her discuss projects. But I keep my mouth severely closed, no matter what I may think.

Perhaps you consider that we are exaggerating the importance of this advice problem. Let me tell you that, from all I have been able to discover, interference in an artist's art is the most dangerous of all dangers. And I can readily see that, if we had not loved each other exceedingly, the results would have been frighteningly serious. We came through that ordeal, however, and now we know just what to do about it—which is, to keep quiet.

Such as these, then, have been the disturbing factors which we have had to negotiate. The other side of the picture contains many and many a pleasant idea. Perhaps, since I am co-author of this article, I show a lack of becoming modesty in allowing her to state what she enjoys about this partnership of ours, but I am curious to know what she will say, and if it is complimentary I see no reason why it should be hidden. Therefore—

(Mrs. Weaver concludes her testimony.)

IF I have been able to give in any way a convincing performance of Bernard Shaw's Candida, I believe it is in large part due to the fact that there is much of both *Morell* (the husband of the play) and *Marchbanks* (the poet) in the make-up of my own husband. I am used, therefore, to the task of trying to keep him calm and unmolested by the thousand and one annoyances of the world, on the one hand, and of seeing, on the other hand, that life does not become dull, prosaic, and uninspiring. No small problem, but a delightful one.

For in his *Morell* character, he is so very lovable, so stupid at times, so foolishly jealous upon occasion, so earnest, so apt to become self-conscious when he wants to show off; just when he is trying to make some grand impression, he is more likely to utter some Babbitt banality; and this is because there is much of him that is just a little boy.

And at the next moment—even at the same one, sometimes—he will flash one of his quaint and refreshing viewpoints, backed by his tremendous knowledge and judgment of literature, of music, of art, of life as it is lived by other people. And then he is very much of a man, so far as his intellect is concerned.

Again, suddenly, he is *Marchbanks*—mischievous, intuitive, selfish in petty things, greatly unselfish in large, with a real sense of beauty, and a profound skill at creating it. A complex, simple person, continually surprising me, sometimes infuriating me, but always appealing.

When We Are Alone

"MOST precious time of all our moments together are the silences that have come," Mr. Weaver says. "Perhaps I can best show what I mean by a poem I have written, based upon our experiences together."

There was the times that I would be with you
When both of us would be funny and gay,
And everything would look all bright and new,
And we would sing, and joke, and laugh, and play.

There was the times that only touchin' hands
Would make us tremble. And it would just seem
Like we was goin' crazy, wantin' each other,
And love would be a wild, sweet, flamin' dream.

But what I remember was most beautiful
Was sittin' close together, in the gloom,
And not a word. Like when it's quiet, in church,
And you think God is comin' in the room.

Life with him is one adventure after another. To see a play, to listen to an orchestra, to read a new book with him are stimulating, exciting experiences. He has so many sides to him. He can be conventional, banal, witty, charming, silly, deep, and adorable, all in the same sentence—or, at any rate, in the same paragraph.

Here he is, a poet—and his poetry has established itself as a fine thing of its kind; this is no prejudiced statement—and yet he can (and does much of the time) look much like a bond salesman.

He can discuss with authority and a keen critical sense any of the arts, and his knowledge on all of them is astonishing; and the next moment he can converse with the best informed enthusiasts upon baseball, golf, tennis, horse-racing, football, fishing—practically any subject under the sun.

He can "hand a line" with the best of them to debutantes, and within a few minutes be chewing tobacco and exchanging yarns with some street car conductor or taxi driver, as hard boiled as any.

He swims excellently, he has broken eighty a number of times on the golf course, his tennis is not to be sneered at, he can dance (when he wishes) as well as any cake eater—and yet his greatest pleasure perhaps is to read the poems of Edna Millay or Masefield, or to listen to a Brahms symphony.

I have seen him grow purple in the face with rage over some minute stupidity of generalship in a football game, and I have seen tears in his eyes during the Grail scene in Parsifal.

He's a mass of exhilarating contradictions, a very wise, very obtuse, very lively, very morbid, rather bad boy. I love him.

(Here Mr. Weaver insists upon interrupting.)

I HAVE read the foregoing, and I'm not at all sure that it is complimentary. I, on my part, feel that I am apt to sound enthusiastic to the point of slushiness when I attempt a telling of the pleasant side of our first year together. I shall make it as matter-of-fact as I can.

I have found in her a fellow-adventurer, one who shares to the fullest my longings for continually new places, new things, new people. She is, in the worn phrase, such a "good scout."

My respect for her as an artist grows, the more I am let into the secrets of her work. Also, she laughs at me when I need a saving derision—and never bitterly—and with me when I want that sort of applause.

But best, she is the one to whom I can turn when I am troubled or disheartened, or when I have been subjected to the wittily devastating ridicule of any of my sophisticated and ultra-clever acquaintances.

When a piece of work does not go well, it is she to whom I can pour out my woes without fear that she will be bored, cynical, or sarcastic. Perhaps she really is bored within. But she makes me believe she isn't. She comforts me, she tells me I'm wonderful, and makes it sound convincing.

And, now that she has learned not to advise, she supplies the finest audience possible for the antics of my ego. I, on my side, enjoy nothing more than to hear her recount her ideas, her projects, her theories.

We are companions in the richest sense of the word.

THE END

There is much of him that is just a little boy.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

IRVIN S. COBB, *humorist and short story writer, has installed the Atwater Kent* Model 20 Compact *in his New York home.*

There is one SURE *test . . .*

WHEN RADIO is older you may not see so many makes of receiving sets on the market as you see now.

But just now you may be bewildered. So many makes and styles—so much technical language—make it hard to choose with confidence.

There is, however, one sure test. It is by measuring a set by the record and reputation of the manufacturer.

For twenty-four years we have been making scientific electrical instruments. This experience we are utilizing in the production of radio sets in the largest radio factory in the world.

They are honestly, soundly, conscientiously built. The parts you cannot see are as fine as those you do see. This tells in performance.

Whatever you want—tone, volume, distance, selectivity, appearance—you can be sure that better designed Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers cannot be found.

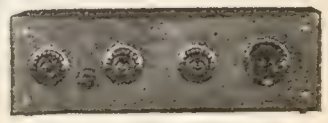
Your dealer knows how little attention they require after they leave his store. Atwater Kent owners will tell you that the first cost is usually the last.

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock (eastern daylight time) through stations—WEAF *New York;* WJAR *Providence;* WEEI *Boston;* WFI *Philadelphia;* WCAE *Pittsburgh;* WGR *Buffalo;* WEAR *Cleveland;* WWJ *Detroit;* WCCO *Minneapolis-St. Paul;* WOC *Davenport;* WSAI *Cincinnati.* :: :: ::

ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
A. Atwater Kent, President

MODEL 10

Radio Speaker
MODEL H



MODEL 20

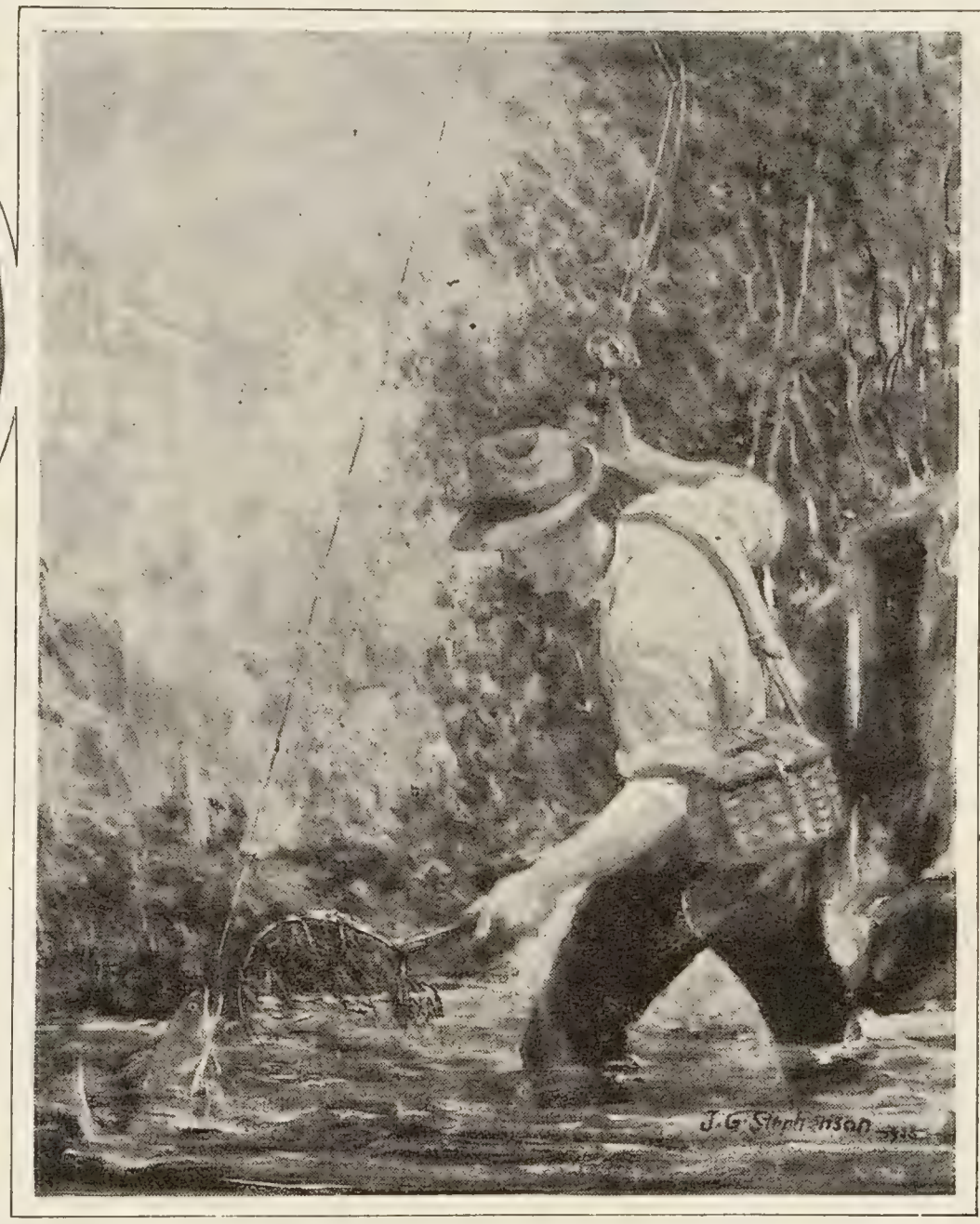
More *and* Better Fishing

By HERBERT HOOVER SECRETARY *of* COMMERCE

Something Serious Impends! Cabinet Divided in Angling Crisis!

© Harris & Ewing

Herbert Hoover



No one can catch fish in anger or in malice.

Picture by J. G. STEPHENSON

© Harris & Ewing

Calvin Coolidge

THE Department of Commerce is required by law to undertake a multitude of activities in the promotion of public welfare. One of them is to "promote and foster" fishing for fun (as well as for business).

Our people have for a century devoted their energies almost wholly to building up their economic life, hoping thereby to secure more comfort and more leisure.

There are some failures in progress along these lines, but they get less and less year by year. Our main trouble is, however, that we have been thinking a whole lot less about what we are going to do with this leisure than we have about trying to get it. And it is no use going on making more leisure if we are going to use it for moral and physical degeneration—destructive joy.

Everyone has his particular brand of joy ready for national adoption. My own notions lie toward providing larger opportunity than hitherto to return to primitive life in the mountains, woods, and streams. Therefore, departmentally and individually, I am for more fishing for fun as a contribution to constructive joy, because it gives an excuse and an impulse to take to the woods and water.

The joyous rush of streams and breakers is a fine antidote for those of us who take our part in dull routine. Besides, the contemplation of the eternal flow of stream and waves is a fine reducing agent to the egotism complexes which we get out of our brand of strenuous culture.

Moreover, fishing has democratic values because the same privilege of joy is open to the country boy as to the city lad; to his properly brought up city or farmer dad.

There is equality in all men before fishes. The fish has never learned to discriminate much in the price of tackle. He takes no account of clothes or manners. And with it all, while there are moments of excitement, the good fisherman must yield to contemplative moods, for often it is a long time between bites.

These interregnums foster reserve and calm reflection. No one can catch fish in anger or in malice. The good fisherman by nature must be possessed of much faith and hope, or he would not fish. He gains of charity when he listens to other fishermen. All of which should create a high esteem for fish.

Fishes occur in the water, and we have the water within a day's journey of all our country. We don't always have a sufficient proportion of fish to the volume of water. In fact, every year we have less fish, because the automobile has made the day's journey easier and more far reaching.

Judging by the number of fishing licenses issued in the States which issue them, about 10,000,000 persons went fishing last summer. This must mean that someone from about one-third of the families in the United States had a fish story to tell. And the number of game fish are being thus astonishingly depleted.

We cannot afford to let it become so long between bites that fishing, with its moral and physical returns, will stop. Moreover, fish are the easiest of all animals to breed and the cheapest—except pests.

So we arrive at the problem of finding more fish in proportion to the water, and that is a contribution which public authority, either the State or national government, and the associations of public-spirited citizens, must and can quite properly undertake, because the individual fisherman cannot be expected to breed fish for the benefit of the community at large, and it is the community at large we want them for.

Therefore the Department of Commerce is interested. It is engaged in establishing more hatcheries and engaged in co-operating with States and fishing clubs in establishing more and more hatcheries. We now distribute about 720,000,000 infant game fish annually at an expense of about $450,000 per annum. And we have methods of increasing this many fold with but little increase in expense—if we can enlist the co-operation of all good fishermen.

THE END

AND IT'S COOLIDGE'S NOTION OF ZERO IN PASTIMES!

WHILE Secretary Hoover is an ardent angler, as this article indicates, President Coolidge stated recently that he regards fishing as a sport for boys and cannot understand how fishing can lure men to Florida and Canada and other places far from their homes. The President explained that he had angled in Vermont in his boyhood, but had had little interest in following Izaak Walton since that time.

President Coolidge expressed his views about fishing after he had said he is doubtful, without further investigation, whether it would be worth while to stock the Tidal Basin, near the Washington Monument, with fish for the benefit of the small boys in the capital city.

But all he remembered was—*unloveliness!*

When a handsome man meets a beautiful girl, the magnet of mutual attraction just naturally begins to draw.

But what is the matter, when after one brief meeting, the magnet of her beauty no longer draws him? A beautiful face so soon forgotten—all he remembers is *unloveliness!*

* * *

It is a known scientific fact that odor, through the olfactory sense, has a power to waken memory as has no other of the senses. Lavender, violets, honeysuckle, pine—how their fragrance makes you remember!

This is something that enters into the calculations of the socially successful woman. She will be remembered by sweet, subtle scents. She will run no risk of ever having an unlovely odor associated with her person.

And she knows that on this score she must be alert against one disastrous thing—an odor that in an instant can "demagnetize" all the beauty and vivacity in the world!

In combating underarm odor, you have a peculiar physiological condition to deal with. The perspiration glands under the arm are stimulated to unusual activity by heat, excitement or nervousness. Clothing and the deep hollow of the underarm prevent normal evaporation of moisture.

This results in a disagreeable odor which you may be sure is always painfully apparent to others even though you yourself may be serenely unconscious of it.

As for perspiration moisture—no woman needs to be told that those horrid rings of stain under the arms wreck her appearance. She knows too well what excessive moisture costs in ruined clothing and self-respect.

Soap and water are ineffectual against perspiration

The trouble is—people do not realize that soap and water are perfectly powerless here. Perspiration annoyance can be corrected *only* through regular special care.

This care 3 millions are now giving with Odorono, the underarm toilette! Because it was formulated by a physician they know they can depend on its safe, sure, scientific action.

Odorono is just like a dainty toilet water to use. And the best of it is, you need use it only twice a week. One application is effective for at least three days.

Nurses and physicians use Odorono in hospitals as an antiseptic corrective for both perspiration odor and moisture.

Don't run the risk of underarm odor; of staining your frocks and lingerie beyond the power of the most expert dry cleaning! You can so easily protect your person and your clothes with Odorono! Enjoy its safe assurance. 35c, 60c and $1 at all toilet counters or sent by mail prepaid.

Send for dainty sample set of the complete Underarm Toilette

I have a dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory. I will send you this set and a booklet of helpful information on perspiration problems, for 10c. Mail coupon to me today.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company, 326-A Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto

RUTH MILLER
326-A Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Address.....

(Note: Sample of any one, 5c)

Measuring Your Mind

HAVEN'T you often wondered who knew more—yourself or your wife? Here's a chance to find out. Get two copies of Liberty and tackle the quizzes that appear every week. The test we are giving this week, called the TRUE-FALSE INFORMATION TEST, *was made famous by the army tests given during the war. If the statement made is true, underline the word* TRUE. *If the statement is false, underline the word* FALSE. *These two words follow every sentence. You are allowed four minutes to complete this test.*

THE TRUE-FALSE INFORMATION TEST

1. John McCormack is a great playwright. *True* *False*
2. The battery in an automobile is charged by the distributor. *True* *False*
3. Barney Oldfield is famous as an automobile racer. *True* *False*
4. By erudite we mean scholarly. *True* *False*
5. In playing baseball the teams use a puck. *True* *False*
6. Habeas corpus is a term used in medicine. *True* *False*
7. Rudyard Kipling is famous for his poetry. *True* *False*
8. Ban Johnson is famous in yachting. *True* *False*
9. Muscle Shoals is a famous summer resort. *True* *False*
10. Bombay is a city in Turkey. *True* *False*
11. The trapezium is a four-sided figure. *True* *False*
12. A flamingo is a constellation. *True* *False*
13. The sou is a French coin. *True* *False*
14. Athens is the capital of Montenegro. *True* *False*
15. Anatole France was a great French orator. *True* *False*
16. A meteor is a luminous body which drops from the celestial spaces. *True* *False*
17. The capital of Tennessee is Columbus. *True* *False*
18. Duluth is a port on Lake Superior. *True* *False*
19. Bonheur was famous as an author. *True* *False*
20. Bucky Harris is a famous character in baseball. *True* *False*
21. A wave length of 100 meters is usually used in radio broadcasting. *True* *False*
22. Vanadium is used in making steel. *True* *False*
23. Armadillo is the name of an animal. *True* *False*
24. Gene Sarazen is known chiefly as a lacrosse player. *True* *False*
25. Exculpate means to excuse. *True* *False*

How did you get along? Look for the answers to these problems and rules for grading yourself on page 52.

The Charm of Exquisite Fragrance

As distinctive as your own personality are Boncilla Vanishing and Cold Creams.

Boncilla Vanishing Cream is a happy combination of a superexcellent Vanishing Cream, with a delightful perfume extract. Disappears quickly and completely—protects the skin in all weathers—a perfect base for powder.

Boncilla Cold Cream is a wonderful cleansing Cream and a delightful night Cream. Keeps the skin soft and smooth. Its fragrance harmonizes with the Vanishing Cream.

Either Cream, in dainty jars, 35c and 75c; in tubes, 50c

Let us prove the purity and superiority of these Creams. Send 10c (coin preferred) for two generous size trial tubes and our 48-page Boncilla Book, "The Way to Beauty." Order today; offer limited for short time only.

Boncilla
Vanishing and Cold Creams

Use This Coupon

Boncilla Laboratories, Inc.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c, for which send me postpaid, as per above Special Offer, trial tubes of Boncilla Vanishing and Cold Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

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A Boncilla Today Keeps Wrinkles Away

It's a Personal Matter

A Little Essay on an Airy Bit of Business Bunk That Sometimes Works

By Roy S. Durstine

Picture by FLOYD M. DAVIS

There have been men who have obtained interviews by merely saying, "I want to see him about a job."

WOULDN'T it be a good idea to chop some of the deadwood out of business so that we can get something done?

One piece of deadwood which should have gone years ago is the fiction created by the man who finds himself out of a job and sends out this item to the business papers:

Richard Fitzmaurice has resigned as Business Manager of the *Monthly Argus*. He will spend a number of months in travel, returning to New York about April first. His plans for the future have not been announced.

On the day when this announcement appears men say to one another:

"Well, I see old Dick Fitzmaurice has been let out."

"About time, wasn't it?"

"That old lunch buyer got away with it for years, though, didn't he?"

"And he never had a thing but a clean collar."

"What's he going to do?"

"Goodness only knows. This item says he'll travel until April first and that his plans for the future have not been announced."

"That's a laugh, isn't it? Poor soul, how he wishes his plans could be announced."

"Why doesn't he just say he wants a job?"

"That kind never do."

That's the pathetic part of it. Everybody knows it. He knows that everybody knows it. Everybody knows he quit because he couldn't do anything else. And yet this type of man feels that he is "keeping his market value from deteriorating" by maintaining a pleasant fiction of having pushed his sorrowful employer aside because he simply had to rest his tired brain in foreign lands for a few months before returning to take his pick of the most inviting jobs open to him.

They are as bad as those mysterious gentlemen who appear in your outer office and who insist that they must see you "on a personal matter." If your employees know that you are hard at work trying to earn a living they will probably ask what kind of personal matter it is. Then the caller becomes patronizing and feels hurt. He even falls back upon that tried and true remark that it is more to your interest than to his that you see him. And sometimes you do. And you find that all callers who have to see you "about a personal matter" are divided into three classes:

Those who want a job.
Those who want to sell you bonds.
Those who want to sell you insurance.

They are he-cousins, these circuitous job hunters, to those dear old ladies who could never bring themselves to say more than that she is in an interesting condition when what they mean is that she is going to have a baby.

Yet there have been men who have obtained interviews simply by saying, "I want to see him about a job." And when one does see him under those circumstances there is no misapprehension as there often is when the personal-matter form of wedge is used and when, after the real reason is disclosed, the natural response always is: "Oh, is *that* all?"

Salesmen of bonds and insurance may have greater grounds for excuse, because they are sent out by the steely-eyed salesmanager back in the main office who has thought out that personal-matter idea all by himself and tells them it's "a wonder to crack the hard nuts for an interview."

He also probably thought out those letters about the bronze desk pad which is reserved for you and which will be sent as soon as you tell them that they have your address right. A stamped card is inclosed for your convenience, a card which will bring you that bronze desk pad without mishap if you write in your age (nearest birthday), number of dependents, and your wife's maiden name.

The telephone is a great help to the poser. If he is a real one he prides himself on never calling on anyone without an appointment. If possible he has his secretary call your office and ask for your secretary and from there on the technique is the same as with the personal-matter boys in the outer office. If he calls you himself he always has his operator get you on the wire first, apparently with the idea that the way to get a man in good humor is to keep him sitting at the other end of a dead telephone wire until you are entirely ready to talk.

One who recently kept a record of the real reasons for these personal-matter calls for appointments, as afterward divulged, found that a dozen of them could be analyzed in this way:

One wanted to bring in a niece whose teachers in high school felt that she had a talent for drawing.

Three wanted jobs for themselves. One said he wanted advice on a certain point and the certain point was how could he sell more bonds to advertising men.

Two thought it was high time somebody explained the beneficent results of corporate insurance.

One was in search of a letter of introduction.

One later discovered that the man he really wanted to see was the father of the man to whom he telephoned mysteriously three times in one day.

Two were happy in their present jobs, but were just looking around.

One wanted someone to prepare a three-inch advertisement to run once in a magazine.

THE END

Twenty Years a Big League UMPIRE

The Inside Story of One of the Most Famous Careers in Baseball

By

Billy Evans

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League.

Picture by GARRETT PRICE

As the fans see him—Billy Evans in working togs.

IN the first installment of his reminiscences, published last week, Billy Evans told how he was literally chased into the big leagues by a hostile mob in Niles, Ohio. After college, Evans had started writing baseball for a Youngstown paper. One day the umpire for a game he was reporting failed to appear, and he was persuaded to act in the arbiter's place. This led to regular employment in the Ohio and Pennsylvania League, and all went well until the Niles mob, angered by a close decision, ran him out of the park. Jimmy McAleer of the St. Louis Browns was present, and sent a favorable report on Evans to Ban Johnson, president of the American League. Johnson offered Evans a contract, which the latter accepted. When the 1906 season opened, Evans was assigned to work with the veteran Jack Sheridan at the opening game in New York.

CHAPTER II.

MY BIG LEAGUE DEBUT.

"HOW are these players, the stars, going to treat a busher like me?" I asked Sheridan. I must frankly confess that the names of many of the stars booked to perform in my first game between New York and Boston rather overawed me.

"The attitude of the players will largely be determined by your own handling of the situation," answered Sheridan. "Every fellow breaking into the majors as an umpire must undergo his baptism of fire. A certain percentage of players will take it for granted that you will call the plays as you see them. Some, more skeptical, will put you to the acid test at the earliest opportunity. A few will try to make it tough for you. You must make it a little tougher for the limited few who have such theories.

"Now, there is 'Kid' Elberfeld, for instance. They call him 'Tabasco.' He has the reputation of being a tough guy, hard to handle, a trouble maker, but I like him. He admires the fighter and respects him, but the umpire who is willing to stand for his stuff will find the 'Kid' will keep him in hot water constantly.

"Just step on Elberfeld quickly. Talk faster and use more 'tabasco' in your replies than he does. Let him know that you are the boss. Don't try to browbeat him, for the 'Kid' won't stand for it and will keep you busy putting him out of the ball games."

Jack Sheridan slipped me those words just before I walked on the field to make my big league debut. Twenty-five thousand fans—more than had seen in a whole season down in the old O. and P. League—had packed themselves in the stands in the Highlanders' park in New York. Hal Chase, Willie Keeler, Jack Chesbro, and "Kid" Elberfeld, of New York, and Jimmy Collins, Cy Young, Lou Criger, Bill Dinneen, and Buck Freeman (the Babe Ruth of his day), equally famous stars of the Red Sox, were all there to perform.

As I came out of the clubhouse and walked onto the playing field I was afflicted with the worst attack of stage fright I ever suffered in my life. I would have welcomed a fire or a riot or something that would have given me an excuse to run off the field. If ever a fellow wanted someone to say hello to him, I did.

As I was standing near the New York players

THE whole Chicago team, with one or two exceptions, "hopped on my neck."

bench one of the team came over to me. He lapped me a hearty greeting on the shoulder.

"Hello, Billy! How do you feel?"

And then he introduced himself. He was Jimmy Williams, star second baseman for the Highlanders, and he, it seemed, was a good friend of a chum of my brother. The latter had prevailed upon his friend to ask Jimmy to try to make me feel at home.

The effect of that slap on the back and Jimmy Williams' words was magical. A load seemed to lift from my shoulders.

"I'm a little nervous," I confessed to him. "Believe me, it's a lot different from the O. and P. League."

"Listen, young fellow," said Jimmy, as he put his hand on my shoulder and drew me to one side. "I want to tell you a few things, and you let them sink in, see?

"Now, in the first place, how many strikes were out where you came from?"

"Three," I answered.

"All right; three strikes are out in anybody's ball game. And four balls send a man to first base up here just the same as in any other league. And another thing, a strike's a strike all the time, and a ball's a ball. And a man's either out or he's safe. Same old ball game everywhere, Billy.

"So just paste that under your hat, and remember that when a man's out he's out, and that's your decision, see? And if any of these guys on the ball team start anything, you just throw 'em out of the game. Do you get me?"

"I get you, all right, Mr. Williams, and much obliged."

Gee, but that made things look entirely different! I was ready now. Let 'em bring on their old ball game. Jimmy Williams was right! Baseball was baseball! The national game! And they played it in New York just as it was played in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Maybe a little bit faster and better, but under the same rules. So I was all set.

And now I come to my first run-in—with the original "Tabasco Kid" himself, Norman ("Kid") Elberfeld, then shortstop of the New York Highlanders.

Jack Sheridan had warned me about the "Kid," and well he might, for Elberfeld was what is known as a "tough baby." He had a habit of stepping on your toes and then, to make it appear unintentional, apologizing. Of course, his spikes more often than not would penetrate your shoe and cut your foot. It was well to know one of Elberfeld's tricks and to be on one's guard.

Well, Jack Sheridan was behind the plate and I was on the bases. And in the very first inning the Kid hit one to deep short and almost beat the throw to first. I say "almost," for I called him out, although he was just an eyelash behind the Boston player's peg.

Elberfeld whirled around like a flash and came at me, eyes glinting and jaw set.

"What's that—out? Did you call me out? Why, you——!"

Of course, I can't put down what he called me, but it was pretty strong. Now, under the circumstances, I was fully justified in throwing him out of the ball game. But I knew I would get farther by handling it my own way. I chose to ignore his adjectives.

"That's what I said, Mr. Elberfeld. You're out."

"Well, you're blind or you're dumb—I don't know which. Where did *you* come from?"

"Me? I came from the O. and P. League."

"Oh, yeah. You're the tough Evans guy, the boy that knocks 'em down an' drags 'em out, huh?"

PERHAPS I should add that while in the O. and P. I had on a couple of occasions had a fight on my hands with players. I weighed about one hundred and seventy or one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and I had picked up a lot about boxing, so that, all things being equal, I had no particular reason to be afraid of anyone anywhere near my size and weight.

I was so cool that I was a surprise to myself.

"I don't know about being tough, Elberfeld," I said, "but I'm Billy Evans, and you're out, and that's the way the decision stands."

He drew closer, and I kept a careful eye on my feet. He saw me looking at them, too.

"Say, do you know what I've got a good mind to do?" He thrust his jaw out about another inch and assumed his most belligerent look.

"No. What do you think you'd like to do?"

"Why, I've got a good mind to bust you one right on the jaw. What do you think of that?"

"Listen, Tabasco Sauce, or whatever they call you." I stepped a little closer to him and put a lot of bass notes in the old voice. "What do you think I'd be doing while you were swinging at my jaw, huh? And listen, you stay off my feet. See?"

I believe he liked it. A grin creased his leathery face and he looked me up and down. And then he came closer and felt of my arm.

"How much do you weigh?"

"Oh, about a hundred and seventy."

"Hundred and seventy, huh? Well, listen, Evans, if you want to fight me, you'll have to make my weight, see? You'll have to take off about twenty-five pounds."

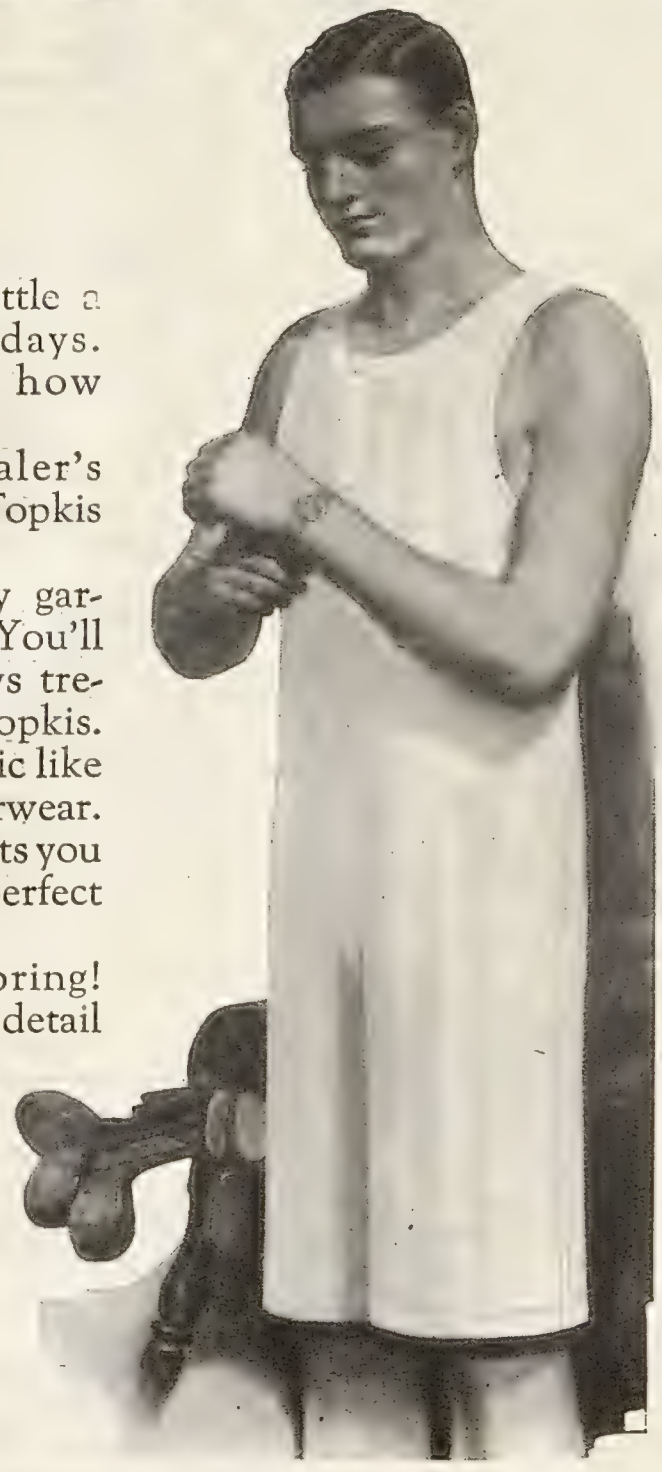
With that he turned on his heel and walked away. Ever since that day Elberfeld and I understood each other pretty well.

The next day, as a matter of course, I turned to the newspapers half hoping but not really expecting to see some word about me. There it was, all right:

"Billy Evans, who hails from the O. and P. League, which sounds more like a brand of cor-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One Dollar



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Get a box of Topkis. Six suits for only six dollars. Plenty of Topkis costs little, and having plenty means summer comfort.

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Athletic Underwear

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

sets than a baseball organization, made his American League debut yesterday. There was no riot."

There was a brief reference to my work, which I fail to remember. The only thing that sticks out is the crack about the corsets. Fortunately, the "corset" reference didn't stick long.

But shortly afterward I again fell victim to a newspaper man's humor, and this time the appellation stuck. Charley Dryden, then on a Philadelphia newspaper, and one of the most famous sport writers that ever lived, was its author, in Philadelphia shortly after the opening of the 1906 season.

New York was playing Philadelphia that day, and during the course of the game Clark Griffith, then manager of the Highlanders, was coaching on first base. Griffith protested one of my decisions so strenuously that I was forced to send him off the field. And so peeved was I that I followed close on his heels, to make sure that he left. I wanted to be thorough.

THE next day Dryden's account of the game contained substantially the following passages:

"The Old Fox has met his match at last! Clark Griffith, who talks the most convincing line of baseball argument known, was forced to take the count at the hands of the American League's latest importation—a college-bred umpire. It is reported that Mr. Evans is a linguist. He speaks seven langages, including the language of baseball in all its variations and inflections.

"Griffith found himself all tied in a knot in this classic battle of the King's English. The little controversy ended in Clark's being given the bum's rush. After excusing Mr. Griffith from the ball game, Fearless Bill Evans gave the Old Fox a personally conducted tour to the exit."

All through Dryden's account of the episode he made constant references to "Fearless Bill" Evans. It was all done for the sake of humor, but "Fearless Bill" stuck to me like wallpaper. Of course, when ballplayers called me "Fearless Bill" they did so with their tongues in their cheeks and often with a grain or two of sarcasm.

If you will think back a bit, you will remember that 1906 was the year the Chicago White Sox, then known as the "hitless wonders," won the American League pennant. What a team of scrappers that was! And I had a lot of trouble with that club that year. Those players hated me for a while, and never lost an opportunity to prove it.

This bitter feeling on the part of the White Sox toward me had its origin, oddly enough, not on a ball field but high in official circles in the American League. In those

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

days Ban Johnson, head of the league, and Charles Comiskey, owner of the Chicago club, were known as the Damon and Pythias of baseball, such was their friendship.

But it so happened that the late Silk O'Loughlin had occasion to banish a number of White Sox players from the field.

JIMMY CALLAHAN and Ducky Holmes alternated in left field, and Callahan had been given permission to go home. Mr. Johnson had returned from a fishing trip in the north woods and had sent a magnificent string of bass to Comiskey, who was showing them around under the stands. While he was exhibiting the bass Johnson had read O'Loughlin's report, and half an hour after the bass reached the park another messenger came bringing news that Johnson had suspended Holmes for three days, leaving Comiskey's team without a left fielder.

Jack Sheridan, the umpire who coached Evans' debut.

The Old Roman flared up.

"What does he want me to do?" he demanded. "Play those bass in left field?"

This was the beginning of the end of the Johnson-Comiskey friendship. A gulf widened between them. And this feeling against Ban Johnson on the part of Comiskey was reflected in the attitude of the team toward me. Anything that could be done to "show me up" would also "show up" Ban Johnson, in that it would challenge his judgment in picking me, a "busher."

The whole Chicago team, with one or two exceptions, "hopped on my neck." Nearly every decision I made against them they protested. And this persistent nagging on their part so worked up the Chicago fans that they, thinking the players were justified, came to the conclusion that I was "against" the White Sox and was trying to beat the team out of the pennant. So, my days in Chicago in the summer of 1906 were not pleasant ones. Far from it.

I was born in Chicago, and I like the town. Today I don't know of another city where I'd rather umpire. But in the late season of 1906 there were times when I'd have chosen to go through hell in preference to umpiring in the Windy City.

George Davis, shortstop of the Chicago White Sox in 1906.

As an illustration of how situations on the ball field can be misunderstood, let me tell you of one particular game. St. Louis was playing Chicago. Ed Walsh, the great spitball king, was pitching for the Sox, and opposed to him was Barney Pelty, a particular jinx for the White Sox. Clouds threatened throughout the game. In fact, it looked for a while as if no ball game would be played.

Now, it happened I was paired again that day with my old friend, Jack Sheridan. He was working the bases and I the plate, so it was up to me to do the calling of the game if it became necessary. Before the game I talked it over with him and explained the situation.

"Here I am, Jack, a new umpire and up against a hostile crowd of fans and a team that hasn't any particular use for the way I call 'em. Now, if this game has to be halted, it's going to be called on your judgment. When you think it's getting too dark to continue play, you give me the signal. Will you do that?"

"Sure," Jack agreed. "When the time comes, I'll bring my left arm up as if I were stretching or yawning. Like this," and he illustrated his meaning.

FAIR enough. I was satisfied. We walked to our positions.

"Play ball!" I shouted.

And then began as pretty a pitching duel as you'd wish to see. Inning after inning, those famous rivals, Pelty and Walsh, mowed down the rival forces without a score. Clouds lowered and threatened all the time. It grew darker and darker.

Toward the end of the ninth inning I saw Sheridan bring up his arm. It certainly was getting dark, the score was nothing to nothing, so it was as fair to one team as to the other to call it off. But I held up one finger to him, indicat-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ban Johnson, president of the American League.

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Charles A. Comiskey, president of the Chicago White Sox.

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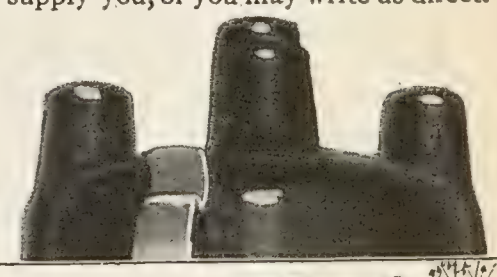

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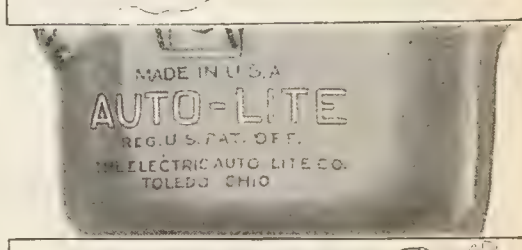

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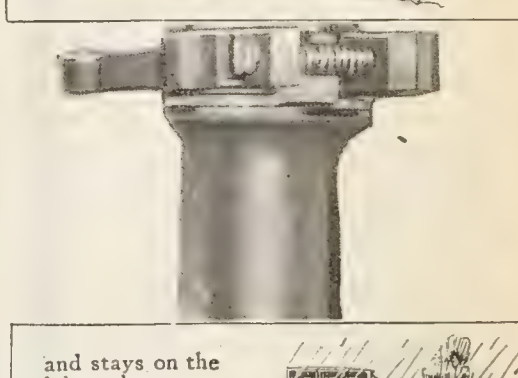

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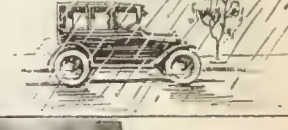

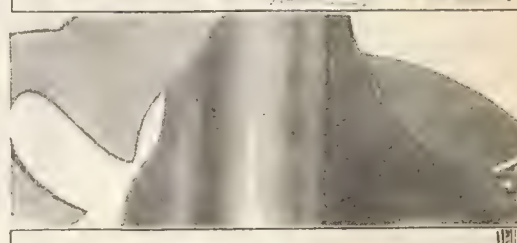

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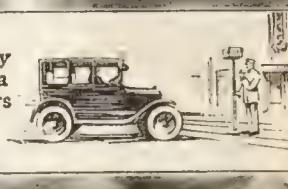

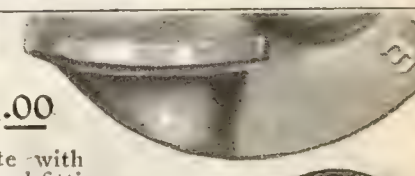

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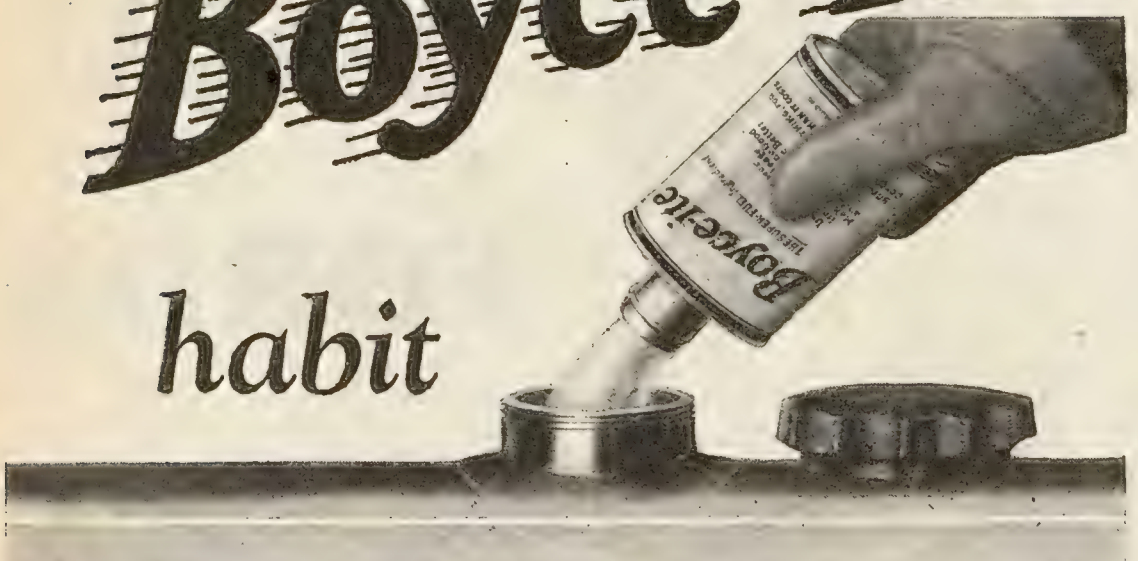

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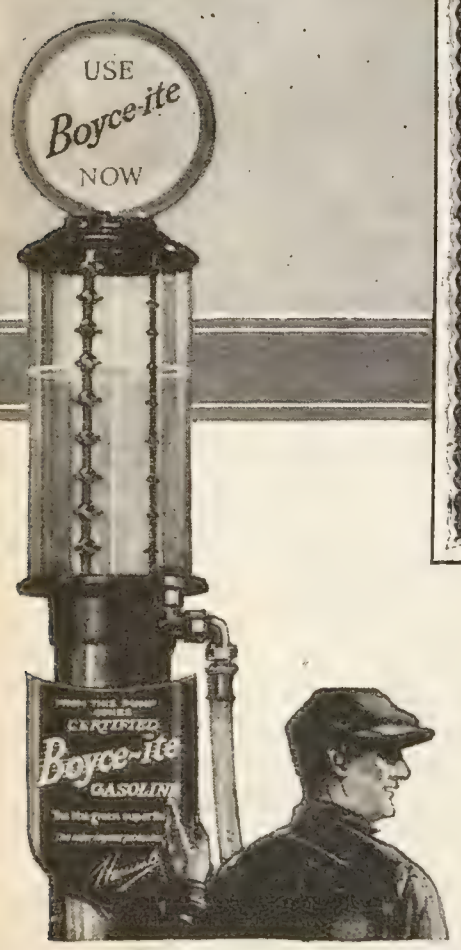

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

ing "One more inning?" He nodded, so they played through the tenth. And again Sheridan brought up his arm, and again I held up one finger, and again he nodded.

The eleventh inning was finished, with the score still nothing to nothing. I once more held up my finger. But this time I was voted down. Jack shook his head vigorously.

"Game called on account of darkness!" I shouted, and started to walk toward the clubhouse. Fielder Jones was running in my direction, so I stopped.

"What do you mean, calling the game off?" he demanded. And just as he spoke the sun came from behind a cloud and shed more light than there had been all afternoon. I admit it looked bad for me. But only for a minute or two, because the sun disappeared and it began to rain. Inside of five minutes the playing field was a quagmire.

THE next morning I picked up a paper and found a reference to this effect:

"The matter of handling umpires, it would appear, could stand a lot of improvement. Why should the calling of a ball game be intrusted to the judgment of an inexperienced umpire like Billy Evans when he is paired with a seasoned veteran like Jack Sheridan? If the matter had been left to Sheridan, he would have ordered another inning played."

And after I had had to coax the last two innings out of Sheridan!

Sheridan saw the article, too, and he was all for going to that sport writer and clearing up the situation. But I advised against it.

"If you do it, Jack, the writer will only think you are trying to cover up for me. I'm satisfied to let it go as it is. I'm young, and I guess I can outgrow it."

And so nothing was said at the time, although years later Jack did give out the true explanation to that particular writer.

I hope no one will get the impression that all my difficulties were confined to the Chicago club. They certainly were not. But 1906, being my first year, was my most difficult and also my most impressionable.

There were times in Chicago that year when I simply couldn't umpire behind the plate—and the Chicago team wouldn't let me! They didn't want to see me or anyone else get murdered. So I was forced to umpire from back of the pitcher's box, out of range of pop bottles—not that the fans couldn't throw that far, but they feared hitting the players.

And now, at the risk of being accused of bad taste, I'm going to recount one more incident in connection with the Chicago club of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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1906. It's not so much that I relish the reminiscence, but I believe it deserves a place in this story.

George Davis was playing shortstop for Chicago. He was a big, strapping fellow and reputed to be handy with his fists. In fact, he had quite a reputation as a boxer. On that entire Chicago club there were only a few who liked me. One of them was Frank Isbell. Often, as our paths would cross on the diamond, he would mutter words of encouragement between his set lips. "Stick to 'em, Billy," he'd whisper. "Don't let 'em get your goat. Run 'em out of the game!" And I sure did toss them out, too.

However, a fellow couldn't continually run players out of the game, even if those were orders.

One day, after a little tilt with some of the players, Fielder Jones —I believe it was Jones—whispered to me:

"I suppose if you knew George Davis was looking for a scrap with you, you'd run him out of the game, eh?"

"I'm not running him out of the game until he does something to call for it," I answered, thinking I knew what was coming.

"Well, George will be at Thirty-fifth Street and Cottage Grove Avenue tonight at eight o'clock. He'll be looking for you, but I don't suppose you'll be there, will you?"

At that I lost my temper. I wasn't looking for any fights, but I was big enough not to be afraid of a little licking.

"I'll be there," I answered, "at eight o'clock tonight. And I'll be looking for George Davis."

"Fair enough."

AFTER the game, I was worried. I had to keep that appointment, but I wasn't going to let myself in for anything foolish. So I got in touch with a friend of mine in the police department, a big six-foot Irishman, and to him I explained my plight.

"I've got to be at Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street tonight," I told him. "George Davis will be looking for me, but George probably will have some friends. And that's what I want—some friends, so I won't have to fight more than one of them."

"I'll be there, me boy," was his answer. "And, what's more, there'll be two more just like me along with me. If it's a fight they're lookin' for, maybe we can give it to 'em."

So that night found me at the appointed place, ahead of time. There also were my allies, three strapping detectives and all Irish. Presently along came Jiggs Donahue. He saw us—and kept right on walking. Then came Eddie Hahn. He, too, passed right by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Shake It in Your Shoes
Sprinkle It in the Foot-Bath

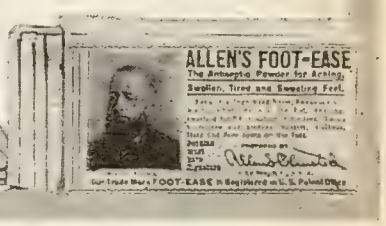
Nothing so mars an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder, insures foot comfort and is an everyday Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning. Shop all day—Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. It will convince you. Allen's Foot-Ease is adding charm to thousands of faces. Let us show you what it can do for you.

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent **Post Free.** Address

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
Le Roy, N. Y.

Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere



boys earn money

Every boy can now earn his own spending money in spare time, every week, just selling Liberty—and get wonderful free prizes besides. It's easy. No hard work—no long hours. Just a few hours a day—after school—in your own neighborhood. No money needed. Everything supplied by us. Get all details. Start right now to earn money—like thousands of other Liberty Boys.

Mail This Coupon!

Liberty, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

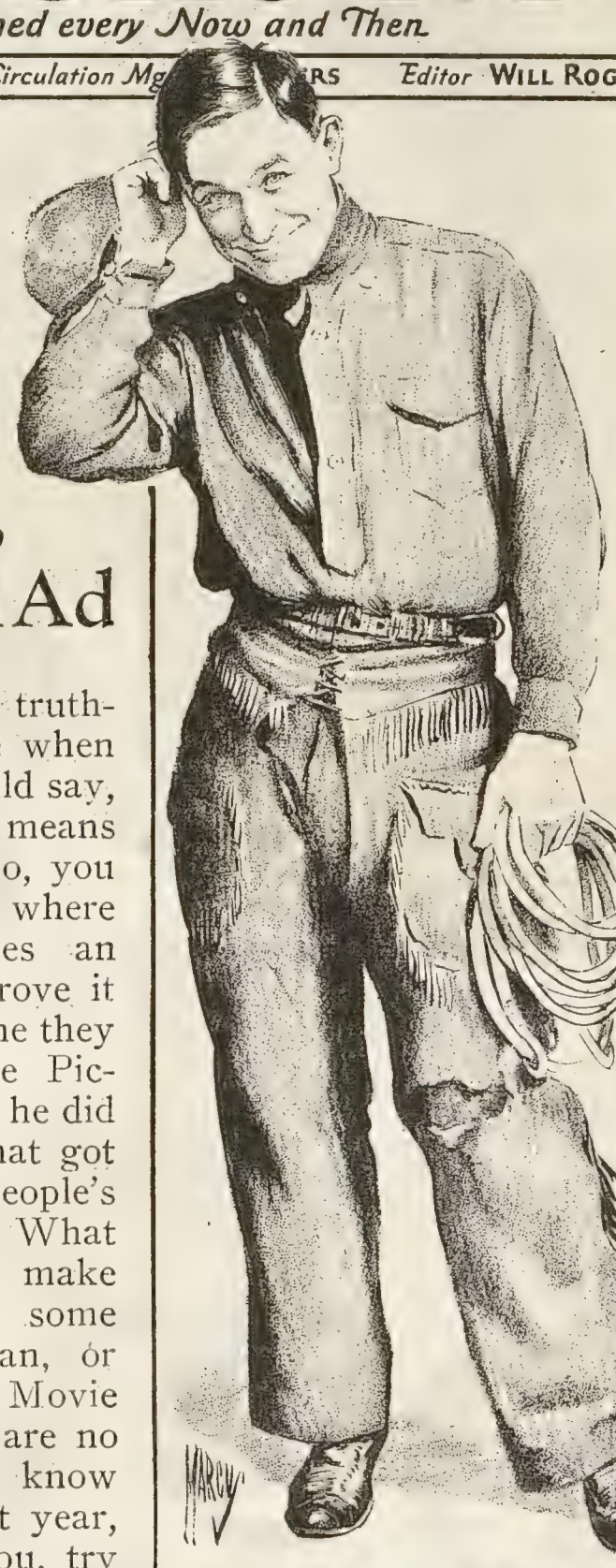
Address .....

City ....., State.....

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mg* ...RS *Editor* WILL ROGERS



Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers; Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

A Miracle, A Truthful Ad

Did you ever read a truthful ad, I mean one when you read it you would say, "That fellow really means what he says"? No, you never did. You read where some Guy indorses an Overcoat, and to prove it he has one on (or one they loaned him for the Picture). Now even if he did like it, what has that got to do with you? People's tastes are not alike. What difference does it make to anybody what some prominent Statesman, or Actor, or Actress, or Movie Star wears? You are no kindergarten; you know what you wore last year, and if it pleased you, try it again. Now, I don't smoke "Bull" Durham, I am not going to smoke "Bull" Durham, but if *you* did and you liked it, why don't let some Guy's Picture and indorsement tout you off on something else. Now the only way I could ever be caught in a falsehood with this ad would be to smoke it myself.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

"BULL" DURHAM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

without a pause. Then came Lee Tannehill, and then Pat Dougherty. This was the neighborhood they had lived in, but I knew what brought them there at that particular time.

"They've come just to see whether I'd show up," I mused. "Well, they'll be walking back and this time they'll have to recognize me."

So out into the middle of the sidewalk I stepped and there I waited. Presently they all came back again. I didn't see George Davis at all. So I stopped them.

"Where's George Davis?" I asked. "He's a little late, isn't he?"

No answer, so I walked along with them.

"Here I am, boys," I persisted. "But I don't see George around."

BUT I might as well have been talking to myself. I got no word from them—not a bit of satisfaction, but the whole thing was clear to me now. The chances are that George Davis didn't even know anything about it. It was merely a "frameup" to test my nerve. However, had I failed to show up, my ship would have been sunk. They would have spread it all over the league.

That ended the incident, as far as I was concerned. I never spoke of it—either to George Davis or to any of his friends who saw me that night at our little rendezvous. I might have been pardoned had I kidded the gang a little, but I chose not to. I was satisfied that I had measured up to the test that they had given me. I had called their bluff. Incidentally that was the beginning of the end of the trouble I had with the White Sox. You may be sure I was quite sick of the whole affair and just as glad to have it come to an end.

Today Chicago is as fair a city to me as any in the league. I always enjoy umpiring there. The fans are square to me and so are the players. But you must remember that baseball has changed quite a little since I made my big league debut back in 1906. The players are not quite so hard boiled, although they have become much more proficient in the great American alibi. But in the late summer of 1906 it was a nightmare. Discouraged almost to the point of quitting, I was mighty glad when the season came to a close.

The life of a baseball umpire is far from being a bed of ease, as Mr. Evans will explain in the third chapter of this series, to appear in next week's issue. In this chapter he will relate some of his experiences, including a never-to-be-forgotten incident at St. Louis when a rabid fan nearly killed him by hurling a pop bottle from the grand stand.

"Old Town Canoes"

Where'er the smiling stream may beckon

Get an "Old Town" this summer and realize the joy of a truly fine canoe. "Old Towns" are beautiful canoes. They are patterned after real Indian models.

Invest in an "Old Town" today and you will receive dividends in happiness for years to come. "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

* * *

The 1925 catalog shows all models in full colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1506 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

WANTED

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS
$1900 to $2700 Year
(All Postal Salaries Just Raised)
TRAVEL—See Your Country
MEN—BOYS, 18 UP
Many Gov't Jobs for Women
Steady Work
No Layoffs
Paid Vacation
Common Education Sufficient

Mail Coupon Today Sure

-CUT HERE-

Franklin Institute
Dept. E 205,
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me without charge, (1) Specimen Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions; (2) Schedule showing places of coming U. S. Government examinations; (3) Free sample coaching.

Name .....

Address .....

Selling *the* British Empire

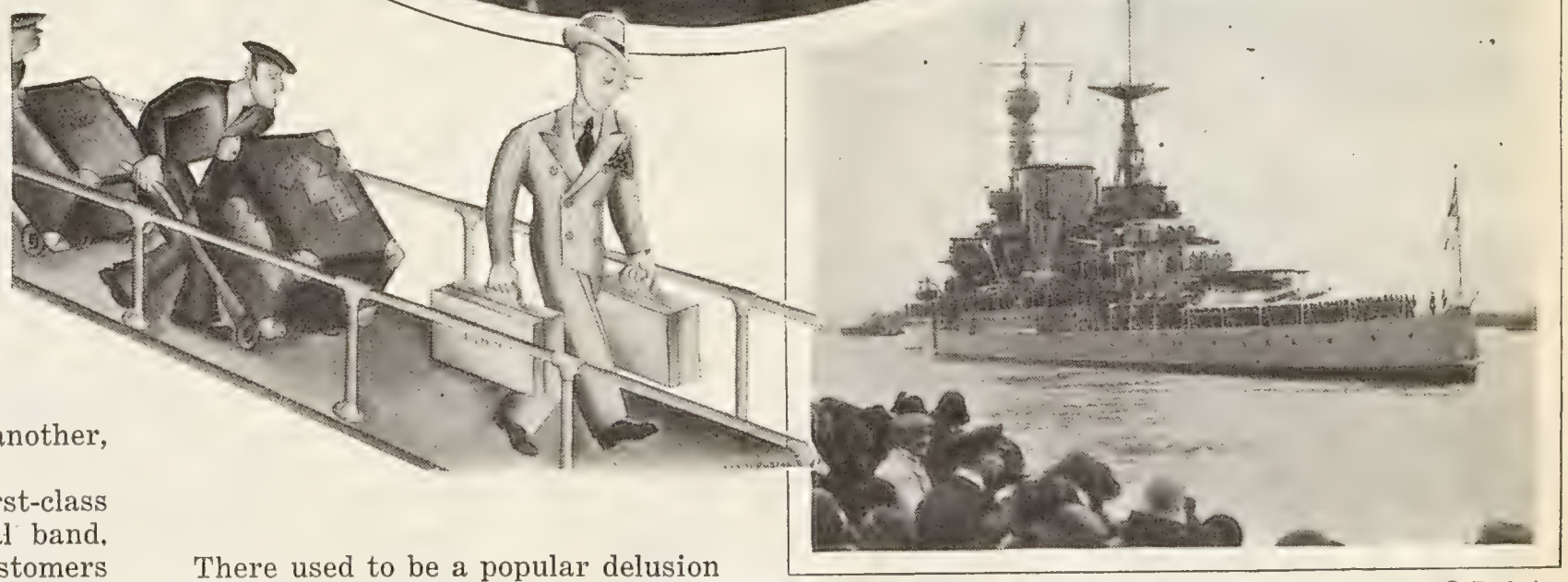
How the Prince of Wales Has Popularized the Idea of Royalty and Is Holding His Far-Flung Heritage Together by Democracy and Personal Charm.

By
John Steele

Cartoon by MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

© P. & A.

The Prince of Wales with Admiral Sir Sydney Freemantle leaving Portsmouth, England, on his latest voyage, which Labor members of parliament say is too costly.



© P. & A.

H. M. S. Repulse, which is conveying the Prince on his much-discussed tour.

THE most expensive salesman in the world; carrying more than five thousand packing cases, representing the greatest organization the world ever has known, is on another, and perhaps his last, road trip.

On this jump he is traveling on a first-class battle cruiser, carrying his own naval band, wine cellar, crates of gifts for the customers he will call upon; and especially for those in his new territory—South America.

The supersalesman is H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and he is selling the British Empire to the world and, incidentally, the old-line royalty and limited-monarchy staples. When his trip is over he will have "made" British West Africa, South Africa, and South America, traveling on the battle cruiser Repulse.

While some departments of the Home Office of the empire have been growling about the expense accounts, the majority of the government and the people of England regard the Prince as the best salesman in the world and the cheapest in point of returns.

Having in six years canvassed more than half the globe in his selling trips, he will complete the adventure in salesmanship by crossing the Andes. The charge made by Kirkwood, a Labor member of parliament, that the trip of the Prince will cost nearly five million dollars brings only the response from the English that in view of results attained, whatever the trip costs, it will be cheap. The actual amount laid out for the Prince's personal expenses for this trip is seventy-five thousand dollars.

The idea persists in England and in royal circles that the present trip will be the last the Prince will make. While no announcement is made, it is understood in court circles that after this trip the Prince has agreed to settle down, marry and, like all good traveling salesmen, retire from the road.

There used to be a popular delusion that the British despise trade as a calling. Nothing is much farther from the truth. On the authority of the Prince of Wales himself it may be claimed trade is the most dignified of callings. He said so at a meeting of tradesmen. The Prince himself is the greatest of tradesmen, and, moreover, the most essential of trade functionaries — a traveling salesman. With five thousand trunks and cases of his personal luggage aboard the Repulse, the samples he uses most in selling are only his own personality, good nature, and charm.

The Prince may fairly claim to have the largest territory in the world. His job, for years, has been to convince the various peoples of the British Empire the thing they want is the monarchy, and he has done it. In fact, he has, without trying, half sold the idea to peoples with other forms of government. He has done more than any other man in British history to sell the English monarchy as a desirable and democratic thing, good for Canada, India, and Australia, and for the mother country.

Many of his predecessors were bad salesmen. His grandfather, King Edward, did much to restore the monarchial idea at home. His sportsmanship, his democracy, and his real interest in his people of all classes had its effect. His son, King George, continued to add to the royal popularity — but it remained for the grandson, the present Prince (or the absent Prince, as someone in England aptly termed him) to extend the popularity of the monarchy throughout the length and breadth of the British dominions.

Much has been written of the severe training the Prince has had to undergo, and a lot of it is nonsense. Of course, he had a severe training. Most heirs to thrones do. But all the things he learned would have been of little use had he not possessed qualities of his own which he exercises spontaneously. Chief of these are his real human charm and his democratic "lack of side," as the English say.

I WATCHED the Prince at a dinner. On one side was the white-haired United States ambassador; on the other was Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister. The Prince talked seriously with the ambassador, jested with the Prime Minister, and occasionally leaned over to exchange a few words with the grave Archbishop of Canterbury. He was at ease with all, seemed as interested in what one had to say as the other, and appeared to be as well informed as any of them.

In this connection it is interesting to quote what another minister, J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies, said. He said

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

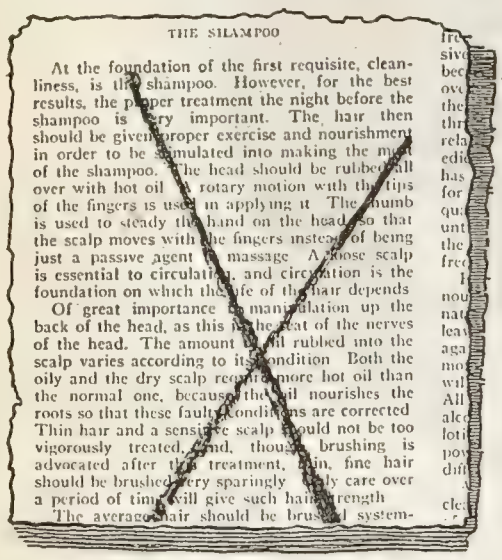
A short-cut to healthy hair

A shampoo that
CLEANS *and* FEEDS
at the same time

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

Here is the OLD way

As clipped from the beauty department of a prominent magazine



THE SHAMPOO

At the foundation of the first requisite, cleanliness, is the shampoo. However, for the best results, the proper treatment the night before the shampoo is very important. The hair then should be given proper exercise and nourishment in order to be stimulated into making the most of the shampoo. The head should be rubbed all over with hot oil. A rotary motion with the tips of the fingers is used in applying it. The thumb is used to steady the hand on the head, so that the scalp moves with the fingers instead of being just a passive agent in massage. A loose scalp is essential to circulation, and circulation is the foundation on which the life of the hair depends.

Of great importance is manipulation up the back of the head, as this is the seat of the nerves of the head. The amount of oil rubbed into the scalp varies according to its condition. Both the oily and the dry scalp require more hot oil than the normal one, because the oil nourishes the roots so that these faulty conditions are corrected. Thin hair and a sensitive scalp should not be too vigorously treated, and, though brushing is advocated after the treatment, thin, fine hair should be brushed very sparingly. Daily care over a period of time will give such hair strength.

The average hair should be brushed system-

This takes hours — and costs dollars

— think of the trouble

The NEW easy way

with

TAROLEUM

Before you wet your hair—you first rub a little TAROLEUM into your scalp.

About five minutes of this sends the life-giving crude oil to the hair roots. Then wet the head—notice the snowy lather.

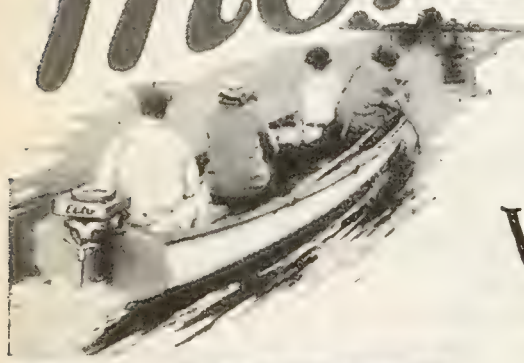
Into the washbowl goes all the dust and grease and dandruff. Lather again and rinse well.

When dried, your hair is silky and easy to handle.

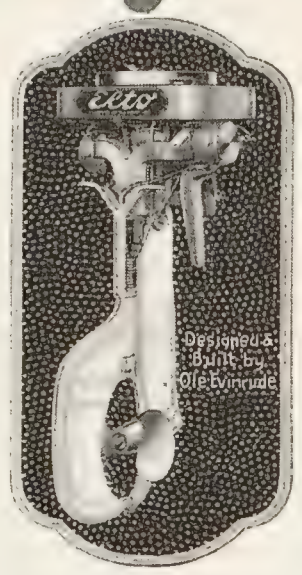
Scalp healthy!
Hair beautiful!

Get TAROLEUM from your druggist—and if it isn't the best shampoo you have ever used, you can have your money back. WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

More Fun!



Out of Your Vacation This Year



Elto instantly converts any rowboat into a speedy pleasure launch.

Elto takes you quickly where the fish bite best.

Today **real** vacations lead waterward. Here, away from dust and dirt and traffic jams, you get real rest. With the lulling music of water softly lapping the sides of your speeding boat, you forget your cares—you **play.**

Whether fishing, bathing, cruising, racing, or loafing, you find in Elto just the "companion in fun" you want. It's the playtime pal of a nation.

Ole Evinrude, long ago, foresaw it. In his latest Light Twin Elto he realizes it most perfectly. He has built for you a wonder motor, at low cost, for the joy of all the family. Write for Free Catalog.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.

Ole Evinrude, *President*

Dept. 53, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Elto

Ole Evinrude's New Fast Light Twin

"The Motor that Starts with a Touch"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

the two men in England least perturbed by a change of government were the King and the Prince of Wales.

"And the reason is," he explained, "they are wiser than most of their subjects, and know their subjects better than most men. They know that loyalty to the empire is no monopoly of the upper classes."

That is the sort of salesmanship the Prince is doing. He sold the monarchy to the socialists at home and to the colonists abroad. His principal asset is his keen interest in all the people. He knows more of mining than most men not in the mining business. He knows about cotton spinning from visiting mills and talking with workers. He knows soldiering from experience in the field.

One night when I talked with him I learned he knew a lot about newspapers and newspaper work. He occasionally visits London newspaper offices, and during his last visit to the United States he passed through American newspaper plants, and even became a member of the Typographical Union.

THE Prince's first big selling trip was in 1919, when he paid his memorable visit to Canada and the United States. He became so interested in Canada and her people, and they in him, he determined to become a Canadian, bought a ranch, and learned something of running it. In 1920 he visited Australia and New Zealand, and in 1921 and 1922 he visited India, traveling on the warship Renown. Besides India he visited Malta, Gibraltar, Burma, Ceylon, the Malay States, China, Japan, and the Philippines, touching Egypt en route home. He was on the road seven months and sold well.

The departure of the Prince and the long series of leave takings in England were, of course, accompanied by the usual rumors of his plans for marriage. The rumor is persistent that when he returns he will decide upon the future queen. That he dislikes to leave the road and settle down to run the business he confesses. He thinks a bachelor head of the firm, who might take a run around the territory would be better for the empire than a married one remaining at home.

The elders, however, are not so minded. The idea persists he is on his last trip—and the biggest.

He has done more to add to the dignity of business than any other Briton. The proof of this is that Britons now boast of his salesmanship, and there is a suspicion the Prince himself, in future years, may say:

"Well, if I hadn't married and quit the road——"

You salesmen know how that is.

THE END

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

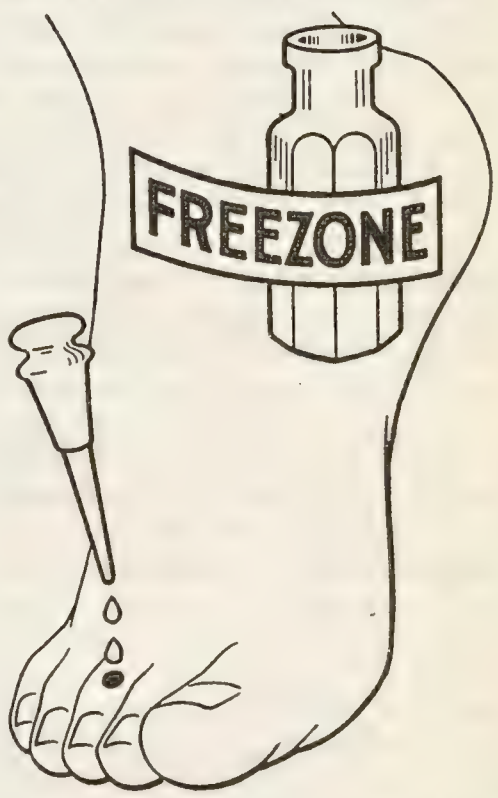
Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Corns

Lift Off–No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Liberty Will Pay

$1,000 A WEEK

For Titles to Liberty Covers

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—$25.00 each	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish on the accompanying coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of June 27. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

THE judges in Liberty's newest and most exciting Cover Title Contest are certainly up to their necks in work. We'd hoped to be able to announce some prize winners this week, but we'll have to ask you to be a little patient. (Thank you!)

Meanwhile send your titles in. It's easy, and it's fun! Take a peek at the cover of this issue. It contains a picture without a title. For the eight best titles which our readers suggest to go with the picture Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash. Glance over the rules, and help yourself.

$1,000 More Next Week!

HERE'S next week's cover. Start thinking about it now.

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 3
Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of June 20th is:.....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

[On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like (or do not like) this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.]

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

$1.00 a Word for 100 Words!

A Little Extra Excitement in Connection with Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest!

HERE'S something we know will interest you. The judges in Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest are reading and passing upon the thousands of manuscripts which have been received. So a lull has taken place. And just to make things interesting until the judges' decision is announced Liberty will pay $100 A WEEK for the best letter of one hundred words or less which you, or some other reader, send in, describing what sort of a story you like (or do not like) to read in a magazine, or see in a movie.

Everybody can compete—men, women, boys, and girls. It doesn't matter whether you have entered the $50,000 contest or not. All you have to do is to put a small cross in the coupon, indicating what kind of a story you like (or do not like) and then tell briefly (in not more than one hundred words) on a separate sheet of paper why you like (or do not like) that kind of a story.

LIBERTY'S $50,000 PRIZE STORY
BALLOT No. 2

NOTE: Tear out this ballot, place a cross opposite the type of story you do (or do not) like, and tell why you do (or do not) like it, in not more than one hundred words, on a separate sheet of paper. Send to

"BALLOTS," CARE OF LIBERTY, POST-OFFICE BOX 1123, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

$100.00 WILL BE PAID EACH WEEK FOR THE BEST ANSWER

- ☐ *Stories of Young Love*
- ☐ *Mystery Stories*
- ☐ *Adventure Stories*
- ☐ *Sea Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Small-Town Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Tropics*
- ☐ *Stories of the North Woods*
- ☐ *Stories of the Orient*
- ☐ *Detective Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of the Early West*
- ☐ *War Stories*
- ☐ *Historical Stories*
- ☐ *Humorous Stories*
- ☐ *Business Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Married Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Sports*

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of June 20)

Be Sure to Read This Notice

You can vote for (or against) a different type of story every week, but you can only vote for (or against) one kind of story in any one week. Most of us like—or dislike—several kinds of stories. Enter as many of the weekly contests as you want to. We hope you will enter quite a few. All ballots of this week's contest must be in Liberty's Chicago office by midnight, June 27.

You can use the ballot at the left, or, in place of putting a cross on the ballot and cutting it out of the magazine, you can write at the top of the separate sheet of paper, on which you write your opinion, what kind of story you are voting for (or against)—like this: "I am voting for Stories of Young Love."

Another $100 Next Week!

A Stirring Tale of Valiant Deeds That Have Made History and Heroes

By
PAUL L. KINKEAD

Picture by
KENNETH FULLER CAMP

Our Bravest

THIS is the second article of a series on the little known exploits which have won for Americans the Congressional Medal of Honor. In the first, published last week, Mr. Kinkead narrated some of the heroic individual achievements in the World War.

LAST of the romantic wars was the Civil War of the United States. No struggle in history has been so filled with romance, chivalry, and heroic deeds. Brother against brother, a whole people of the same blood struggling to the death in defense of ideals, it presents a strange contrast to later warfare.

It was during that struggle that the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest honor any American ever may achieve, was created. More than seven-tenths of all the medals which have been awarded under that Act of Congress were given to soldiers who served in that war for the preservation of the Union, and almost half of all the eighteen hundred and twelve medals that were given went to one regiment.

The story of that regiment is one of the most glorious in American history. Eight hundred and fifty-seven men received the Medal of Honor at one time from Abraham Lincoln for an act which came within the provisions for the award, which are that the act must be voluntary and above the line of duty.

This regiment was the Twenty-seventh Maine Infantry. It had fought through desperate struggles in Virginia, had marked itself for steadiness and heroism and stood the brunt of two great battles. Its period of enlistment had expired. The war-worn survivors were assembled in Washington to be mustered out. In another day they would be free to return to the New England homes they had not seen for two years. Alarm and near panic seized Washington as the news came that Lee's armies had crossed the Potomac and were invading Pennsylvania, threatening the capital.

The officers of the regiment called a conference, in which the vote of the private was equal to that of the colonel. The life of the republic was in the balance. Pennsylvania was invaded by the enemy. Washington was imperiled, Baltimore and Philadelphia threatened.

Eight hundred and fifty-seven men voted to remain in service until the invaders were driven back. That night the regiment marched singing out of Washington to join Meade's forces. It was in the thick of the fighting in the Cumberland Valley, and it was still fighting, grim and determined, when the high tide of the Confederacy broke against its front on the slopes of Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. When Lee's broken and beaten forces had been driven back into Virginia, President Lincoln gave the Medal of Honor to every man in the regiment.

Of all the stories told of American history, that of the thirty-two men who engaged in the Big Shanty raid is one of the most thrilling. The raiders were thirty-two men; two civilians and thirty volunteers, chiefly from the Twenty-first and Thirty-third Ohio regiments. With plans carefully prepared, they slipped through the Confederate lines and made their way south along the railroad to Big Shanty, Georgia.

The Confederate lines then stretched across northern Georgia, and the one railroad was their chief means of obtaining supplies.

The raiders reached Big Shanty, captured a

A GRENADE looped over and was about to fall on him when he began to utilize his baseball skill. Catching the grenade with its sizzling fuse, he tossed it back into the Confederate trenches.

Americans

train, and started northward. Their plan was to destroy bridges and culverts and break the lines of supply, forcing the Confederates to withdraw. They had reckoned without one thing: Not far from where they stole the train was another engine, and, as the alarm was raised quickly, Confederate troops boarded the second train and started in pursuit.

The wildest, most spectacular chase in railroad history ensued. The raiders set great fires in box cars which they left on bridges they crossed, but each time the Confederates reached the scene in time to shove the burning car from the bridge and save the structure. Rails were torn up, but were quickly replaced by the pursuers, and across northern Georgia the desperate game of hare and hounds continued. Half a dozen times the pursuers, firing from the cowcatcher of the engine, from the tops of cars, and from the engine cab, came within sight of the fugitives as they ripped up a rail and fled onward.

The fuel on the raiders' engine was running low. They waited once, with a car heaped high with flaming combustibles, and, charging back toward the pursuers, shunted the car toward them. The Confederates reversed their engine, checked the fiery menace, rolled the burning car into the ditch, and resumed the pursuit.

The raiders' fuel was about exhausted. They fired the engine with rails from fences, they chopped up the wood of the remaining box cars and fed it into the firebox. It was evident the end was near. The leaders shouted their plans to the thirty-two men clinging to the closely-pursued engine. Men began to drop off and scurry into the dense undergrowths of the swamps. The orders were to scatter and try to make their way through the Confederate lines.

Finally the leader and a small group, stopping around a curve, raised the steam and, reversing the engine, ran it back toward the pursuers, hoping to wreck the Confederate engine. As they did so they leaped from the engine and scattered.

Many of the fugitives were rounded up. Some died in prison, a few reached the Union lines—but the leader and most of the prisoners were executed and their remains lie in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, under a monument on top of which is a bronze engine. Their reward was the Medal of Honor.

ONE of my favorite Civil War heroes, whose short and simple annals are recorded in the War Department files, is Sergt. Ambrose Porter, Twelfth Missouri Cavalry.

On August 7, 1864, the Twelfth Missouri was pressing hard across country in Mississippi, under terrific heat and constant harassment from the retreating enemy. There had been a skirmish during the morning, and it was evident a rear guard of the retreating Confederates was checking the cavalry for some purpose. The purpose was to move the defeated troops across the Tallahatchie River.

The rush of the Twelfth brought the command to the bank of the sluggish, swamp-bordered river in time to see the last of the enemy debarking from the ferryboat which had carried them to safety. The muddy river bottom and the depth of water barred swimming the river on horses, and it looked as if the pursuit was balked.

Sergeant Porter, however, thought otherwise. Slipping out of his clothes, he dropped into the river and, swimming low, crossed and crawled under the side of the ferry. Watching until the Confederates were moving away, he leaped on board, rushed two Confederates into the water, cut the ferry loose, and shoved out into the stream.

The Confederates raised the alarm. The boat was showered with bullets as the current swept it away, with Sergeant Porter poling it farther into the stream. The fire continued until he was across the river. Union men rushed into the river to aid Porter, troops hopped aboard, and within a short time the ferry was driven across and the pursuit was resumed.

There is another of my favorites of whom I heard years ago and whose name I discovered in the list of those who received the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was Corp. Isaac

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Send the Coupon for 10-Day Test

Gloriously Clear Teeth

Why you may already have them—and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

DO you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth?—teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish. That's been proved times without number. But not by continuing with old methods of cleansing and of brushing.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways; and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There' a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. *Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others.* Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already *—and yet not realize it.* Find out!

What that film is

Most tooth troubles now are traced to film. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentifrices could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap, no chalk; no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

It proves the folly of ugly teeth. It gives better protection against pyorrhea, of tooth troubles both in adults and in children.

Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And that 10 days is offered to you as a test. Why not make it then *—have* prettier teeth, whiter teeth? Send the coupon now.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by World's Dental Authority

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 811, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family 1825

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

H. Carman of Company A, Forty-eighth Ohio. The story was first told me by "Cal" Dryden, uncle of Charlie Dryden, famous baseball writer. We met "Uncle Cal" one spring when the Chicago baseball team was training at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and he piloted us over the battlefield, pointing out the still remaining trenches he helped dig, and, standing there, he told us of the story of Ike Carman.

It is not generally known among baseball fans that the Civil War was the greatest developer of our national game. It was played in camps all over the South, and during the long siege of Vicksburg while the Union troops were mining and moling their way up the hillsides in the first great trench warfare in history the relief troops behind the lines organized teams by regiments and companies and played baseball. The Forty-eighth Ohio had a good team, and Carman was one of the players.

The feat which won for him the Medal of Honor was performed on May 22, 1863, shortly after Congress created the award of valor.

The armies were attacking with pick and shovel, the trenches at places being only a few yards apart, and the hand bomb became a favorite weapon. The Confederates were dropping grenades and hand shells into the trench of the Forty-eighth Ohio and Carman got busy. A grenade looped over and was about to fall on him when he began to utilize his baseball skill. Catching the grenade with its sizzling fuse, he tossed it back into the Confederate trenches. He played catch and toss with the Confederates until he had blown up a whole section of their trenches, and, outside of a "busted" finger and some powder burns, was unharmed.

THE Civil War matches the feats of the World War in the case of Capt. Charles H. Houghton, Company L, Fourteenth New York Cavalry, who won his medal during one of the most terrible hours of the rebellion—the rush into the crater following the explosion of an immense mine in front of the Confederate works at Petersburg, Virginia. In the fighting which followed Captain Houghton fought valorously. He was wounded three times, but continued the attack until a shot tore off one of his legs.

Sergt. Henry Le Febre Brown, Company B, Seventy-second New York Infantry, received his medal for an act performed May 6, 1864, which perhaps saved his regiment and the Union Army in the Wilderness. During that desperate fighting in the dense, swampy forests the Seventy-second—a regiment covered with many honors—found itself short of ammunition and cut off from its depot of supplies.

Brown volunteered to get ammunition. Three times that afternoon he crawled between the lines of fire, dragging blankets filled with ammunition, and supplied the troops, so they were able to hold the position until reinforcements arrived and the tide of battle turned.

So far as I can find, only one man ever has twice won the Medal of Honor, and I am not sure of that. The record does not state whether it was the same man; possibly it was his son, although the War Department experts think it was the same man.

THAT man was Frank D. Baldwin. During the Civil War he was captain of Company D, Nineteenth Michigan, and it is probable the same man was later first lieutenant of the Fifth United States Infantry, as many volunteers took lower rank in the regular army.

The first medal was awarded for bravery during the heavy fighting at Peach Tree Creek, Georgia. The Confederates charged. Captain Baldwin's men repulsed them, and then he yelled, "It's our turn!" and led a counter charge which swept the field. The Confederate lines were shaken but not broken, and the regiment was halted, but not Baldwin. He kept right on, went into the enemy's lines, captured two officers and the flag of a Georgia regiment, and brought prisoners and trophy to his command.

On November 8, 1874, the second medal was won. This affair took place at McClelland's Creek, Texas, in warfare against the Indians. The detachment of the Fifth was outnumbered ten to one, and waiting reinforcements, when a fugitive settler entered camp and told of the Indians having captured two girls.

The Indians were on a hill overlooking the river, mounted, while army reinforcements were hours away. To await the arrival of fresh troops meant that the fate of the two girls might be sealed. Lieutenant Baldwin didn't wait. Calling for volunteers, he led a wild assault, which, taking the Indians by surprise by its very boldness, scattered them, and, before they could rally, the two girls, already bound and ready to be carried away, were rescued and brought back to camp.

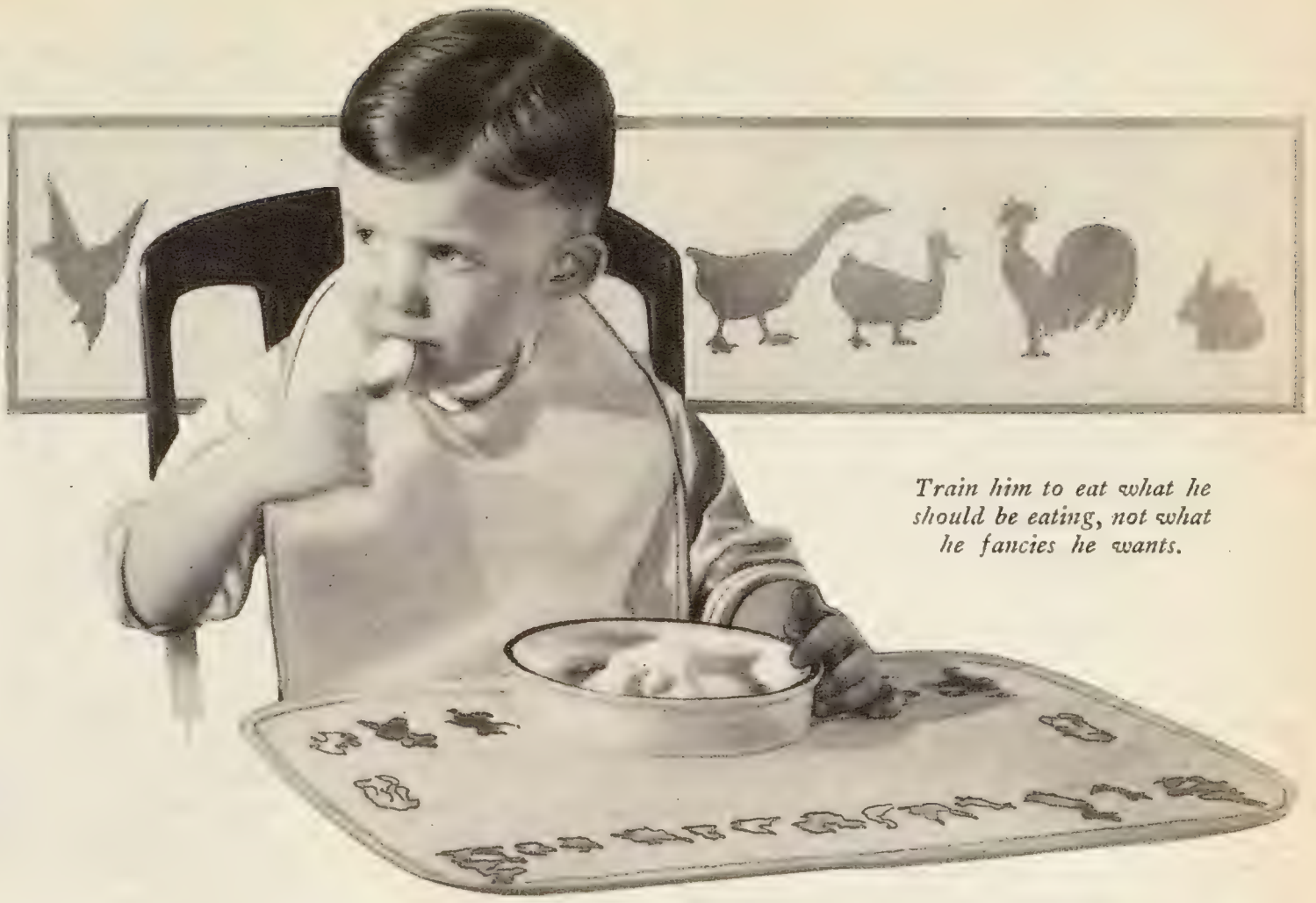
Fiction writers will get small consolation out of the citations in the War Department, for they don't even mention the names of the girls or what became of them.

In the third and final article of this series, to appear in an early issue, there will be told some of the stories of how the Medal of Honor has been won by American soldiers with deeds of valor in strange lands.

Are Your CHILD'S *Food Habits* GOOD?

By Ethel M. Somers

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.



Train him to eat what he should be eating, not what he fancies he wants.

NO CHILD attains his utmost development unless he is well nourished. Your own life, no doubt, has taught you the value of health and strength. That atmosphere of happiness and well-being so essential to a successful climbing of the ladder of life is almost entirely dependent upon health. Fettered with a ball and chain of physical defects or hampered continually by the fatigue of malnutrition no child, no matter how excellent his other attributes, achieves the entire success for which he was destined. Is the prevailing atmosphere of your home positive or negative? Is yours a home of hope, stimulation, and upbuilding for the future, or are you rearing a spoiled child who will later pay for his privileges in limited results?

Proper training during the first and second years of life is fundamentally essential to good food habits. He must be deliberately trained to eat. A child is born without habits. Child psychology has taught us to introduce new dishes very early in a child's life in small quantities and, as he acquires a taste for these, serve in increasing quantities. All of us receive the same reaction psychologically as we taste any particular food and yet one may consider disagreeable the favorites of another. However attractive or unattractive a food may be to you, training will eventually result in a liking for it. The earlier the period of training is started, the shorter will be its duration. It's always hard to teach an old dog new tricks. New foods in the child's diet are best introduced as a treat, a dish that grownups relish, and one which the child is now big enough to eat. Train him thus to eat what he should be eating, not what he fancies he wants.

Watch a child eat and you will note that he invariably eats all of one food before he begins on another. An overvariety of foods at one meal is bewildering to him. Serve the whole family rational, simple meals, for what is good for the child is good for the whole family. There is no need for a special diet for the child. A child will eat what food he is given, even though plain, because he sees his parents eating and relishing this food. On the other hand, if the older members of the family eating at the same table have an elaborate repast while he is served a simple, perhaps even unattractive, menu (for often the especially prepared meal is carelessly done) he will naturally revolt. The child concludes that what is good for father is good for him.

Good food habits are not made by talking so much as by doing. Finicky eaters are made, not born. To start training a child at two years is beginning about two years too late.

When a fussy eater is finally developed, the parent is confronted with a grave problem. For the child's own good he must overcome prejudices. It is never easy to break down old associations and build up new ones. This can be done, however, if one will study the child. Note his response to the various appeals. Example, reason, imitation, persuasion, tricks in food preparation, attractive service, rewards, and even discipline are all appealing means. Just which of these fits the child, the time, and the place, requires much study and tact, but is well worth while. Train your child and family to relish such simple, wholesome foods as are given herein and you will have gone a long way toward making your family successful and happy.

The Family Dinner Menu

Fresh Pea Soup with Croutons
Veal Cutlet — *Baked Sweet Potatoes*
Spinach
Whole Wheat Bread — *Butter*
Fruit Salad
Rice Pudding — *Wafers*

THE family dinner menu complete should be served to the twelve-to-sixteen-year-old children; for those eight to twelve, omit the meat and substitute a glass of milk; for those four to eight, omit the meat and potato, substituting a glass of milk; also substitute a roll of sugared lettuce, which may be fastened together with a toothpick, for the salad, or serve the fruit salad without any dressing; for those two to four, omit the meat, potato, salad, wafers, and bread, serving the butter on the croutons; to those one to two years, serve the fresh pea soup diluted with hot milk; to those under one year, the usual milk diet. Thus a single menu may be used to serve the whole family adequately.

Fresh Pea Soup (for Six)

2½ cups milk
½ cup vegetable liquid
2 slices onion
1½ tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1 to 1½ quarts of fresh peas
½ teaspoon sugar
2 egg yolks or 2 tablespoons flour

HEAT the milk and onion over water to prevent boiling. Add the seasonings. Continue to heat for thirty minutes. Meanwhile shell the peas and cook in one cup boiling salted water until tender (about thirty minutes). Strain these through a sieve and add them and the vegetable liquid to the soup. Pour the soup onto the beaten egg yolks (with which one tablespoon flour may be mixed if the soup is desired thicker than ordinary). Serve hot with croutons made by browning cubes or oblongs of stale bread in a hot oven (475° F.) or on the broiling rack.

The washed pods of fresh peas may be substituted for the peas themselves and the peas served as a vegetable. The pods must be cooked one hour before they are tender enough to rub through a sieve.

Veal Cutlet

WASH and trim the meat. Bone and cut into individual servings if preferred. Pan broil in one-fourth cup butter or lard (about fifteen minutes) or until browned. Then add one-half cup water, one teaspoon vinegar, one-half tablespoon sugar. Cover closely and cook over a very low flame or in a 300° F. oven until tender (about one hour).

SPINACH. Pick over the spinach, removing the tougher stem growth. Wash thoroughly. Blanch by dipping quickly in and out of boiling water and at once into cold water. Cook in a steam cooker or in a tightly sealed kettle, adding no water except what clings to the leaves. When the leaves are softened (or in about fifteen minutes) season with butter and serve hot.

Cream of Rice Pudding (for Six)

1 quart milk
⅓ cup rice
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla, or ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, or ½ grated lemon rind
½ cup raisins if desired

WASH the rice thoroughly by holding it in a sieve under cold water and rubbing vigorously. When the water becomes milky, change it for fresh water and repeat the process until the water remains clear. Put the washed rice and the other ingredients into a greased baking dish. Bake in a slow oven (275° F.) until firm—about three hours. A better textured pudding is attained if the rice is stirred occasionally.

Madame JUDAS

An Exciting Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

By

Margaret Turnbull

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"*I HAD become uncontrollable, and was beside myself with fear and grief. I hurled the carafe at the bottle.*"

WHO'S WHO IN THE FOURTH INSTALLMENT

ANDREW DICKERSON, *brilliant attorney, who is conducting the difficult defense of*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *promising young physician of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania. Doctor Eliot is being tried on the charge of having given a deadly dose of arsenic to his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *the best-liked man in the county. Doctor Eliot was supposed to have committed the murder through love for*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *Doctor Fairlie's beautiful wife, a Connecticut woman whom he had married some months before his death. She, however, appeared determined to see Doctor Eliot punished. In this she is opposed by*

EVE HAMILTON, *beautiful, twenty-seven, unmarried, and sole survivor of her wealthy family. Eve had been a friend of both physicians, and believes in Doctor Eliot's innocence. She enlists the aid of*

JULIET JACKSON, *a keen-witted newspaper woman known as The Female Ferret, to investigate Laura Fairlie's past, in the hope of discrediting the testimony which*

TOM JERNAY, *district attorney, draws from Laura during the latter's first day on the stand. Laura's story of Doctor Fairlie's death arouses great sympathy, which is heightened when, concluding the first part of her testimony at the end of the day, she falls, fainting, from the stand. Apparently this works on Doctor Eliot's sympathy, for he astounds Dickerson by announcing that he will not testify in his own behalf. The day's surprises are concluded when Eve Hamilton, alone in her house that night, receives a telephone call from Laura to come as soon as possible to remove a picture which Doctor Fairlie had bequeathed to her.*

WITH a heart like lead and feet that dragged, Eve Hamilton followed the crowd that surged into the courtroom the next morning.

The line of vehicles before the courthouse was even greater than yesterday. The reporters were, if possible, more numerous, for word had gone forth that the Fairlie murder case bid fair to be a *cause célèbre* in the annals of the county, and from far and near they were gathering to hear—or, rather, to see—Mrs. Fairlie.

She came to the stand that morning quite composed, though paler. But pallor enhanced the beauty of her eyes and the deep tints of her dark hair. Gowned and hatted expensively and carefully, she was the very glass of fashion to the farmers' wives who had come to see her and, incidentally, "that murderer."

Tom Jernay, district attorney, was distinctly but discreetly cheerful. Nothing could have been better than yesterday, from its artistic beginning, with the beautiful, sorrowful widow approaching the witness stand, to its dramatic ending, when, unconscious, she had lain like some lovely, bruised flower against the rail of the witness stand.

Of course, he could not hope to duplicate that every day, but today she was a picture, and only he knew how well coached she was to give the crowd another sensation.

He glanced at Dickerson before he began his examination of the witness, but to his annoyance that personage seemed entirely preoccupied with a point of law. He did not even consult his client, but sat serene, surveying the courtroom, the witness, and his associates, only to turn quietly back to his law books. Only once had he looked up with any interest, and that was when Miss Hamilton entered the courtroom and bowed gravely to him.

The district attorney permitted himself a quiet grin. She had outwitted him in getting Andrew Dickerson to oppose him, but she would soon see that that was to save her little. Andrew Dickerson was a good man in a bad case, and she would learn that money alone could not work miracles on behalf of young Eliot.

Besides, this was his day, his chance. With

the most brilliant lawyer in the county, a man who had a reputation in the big cities, against him, he felt that he had a chance to score, possibly outwit the other man.

Andrew Dickerson read all this in his opponent's carriage, and also knew from his reputation that there was nothing he would not use. With a quiet but wary eye Dickerson watched his client, studiously refraining from speaking to him, and inwardly hoped that neither he nor Miss Hamilton had been untowardly intemperate in speech to the fair witness, whom he now knew to be astute enough to use any such misstep to her own advantage.

However, nothing would induce him to open that or any other subject with Gilbert Eliot, whom, after greeting heartily and cheerfully, he left entirely and severely alone.

Very graphically, in answer to the district attorney's quiet questioning, Laura put before the courtroom another picture of the tragedy.

"They did finally send me word, when the doctor was failing fast, and I went to his room, but he was unconscious, and neither knew nor spoke to me. After that—I either fainted or had hysterics; I only know that I found myself in my room, lying on my bed.

"Among the first people notified was Miss Hamilton, and she came over at once. She came to my room, though I had asked that no one disturb me for a while, and forced her way in to ask me what she could do for me. I told her 'Nothing,' and to go away, and when she refused I became hysterical."

ANDREW DICKERSON was objecting, quietly but vehemently, to the nature of the testimony and the questions asked. His objections were finally admitted, but the jury had their picture of the scene.

Then the astute district attorney saw fit to withdraw the line of questions concerning Miss Hamilton for a time, for all of his audience, despite natural curiosity, were not with him. To show up Miss Hamilton, their Miss Hamilton, as a meddling busybody might make good newspaper reading and satisfy general curiosity. Most of the jurors, however, were men who had known Eve as a child, and her father before her, and the present testimony was curiously distasteful to them.

"Where was Doctor Eliot all this time?"

"Downstairs, at the telephone; but when he heard me he came flying up the stairs and, though he did not order Miss Hamilton to leave me, he tried to get me to take a bromide to quiet my nerves."

"Did you take it?"

"No, I was afraid to—afraid to go to sleep, lest I should dream." She shuddered.

EVE'S steady eyes flickered for a moment. "Bromide!" What was it that word on Laura's lips had reminded her of? Ah, now she had it. She made a mental note to speak to Andrew Dickerson about the incident.

"While he was waiting for me to quiet down, the telephone rang downstairs, and the maid, Hilda, Swedish girl, came in and said that the doctor was wanted at the telephone. Doctor Eliot told her to find out who it was, and she said she knew—that it was one of the doctors at the hospital, who wanted to know when they should hold the autopsy; that they supposed, in accordance with Doctor Charlie's often repeated promise, that they would receive the body."

Laura Fairlie paused, and then said with a rush, her face paling: "Then the maid said something about 'Does that mean they will cut up my dear doctor for the students?' or words that conveyed that meaning. It was too much for me, in my hysterical condition, and I went off again, screaming at Doctor Eliot not to let them have the body, and begging him to go down and tell them so."

"What did Doctor Eliot do?"

"My memory is confused. I was suffering so. But my recollection is that he did nothing but try to quiet me, and Miss Hamilton finally succeeded in telling me that as I was the widow I could stop it, and nothing would be done unless I permitted it."

"Did you believe her?"

"I did. I told Doctor Eliot I forbade him to send the body to the hospital, and was so agitated about it that he finally went down to the telephone and told them that it was against my wishes."

"Were you screaming at the time, so that they could hear it over the telephone?"

"It did not seem to me that I was, but I have since been told that the screams I gave rang through the house, and were heard faintly over the telephone. I don't remember that they were as vehement as that. I have been told so."

"Continue, Mrs. Fairlie. After the Doctor—Doctor Eliot—had told the hospital

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"HE tall Louey to go away, and when I ban come he say: 'Hilda, keep that fallow away from me.'"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

that it was against your wishes, what then?"

"Doctor Eliot came up the stairs with a bottle and sent the maid for a glass of water, and said I must take the bromide to quiet me. I had by this time become uncontrollable, and was quite beside myself with fear and grief. I struck the glass out of the maid's hand. I hurled the carafe at the bottle, and it broke in a thousand pieces."

"What, if anything, did you say when you did this?"

Mrs. Fairlie's face became childlike and open in its bewilderment. "I can't remember."

"What happened then?"

"Doctor Eliot was very angry. He told me that he would have no more scenes like this, and he sent Miss Hamilton down for another bottle of bromide, giving her the key of the storeroom and describing the bottle, and sent the maid for water. When they returned he held me and told Miss Hamilton to put the glass to my lips. This time I had sense enough to drink it."

"Yes, go on, Mrs. Fairlie. What then happened?"

"Doctor Gilbert was called away to the phone and to my great distress ordered Miss Hamilton to stay beside me until I fell asleep. She tried to induce me to undress and get into bed, but I would not. I was too overwrought. I could not. I could only compromise by lying down on the daybed, watched by Miss Hamilton, while the servant removed the fragments of broken glass and took them downstairs. I remember saying not to put the broken glass where my cat would walk on it. Then, because I remembered Doctor Fairlie had loved the cat, I began to cry, and Miss Hamilton spoke to me, disturbing my thoughts, making me think again—of horrible things."

"Was that the end of your interview with Miss Hamilton? Did she go then?"

Laura Fairlie shook her head slowly. "No; how I wish she had. But she spoke to me, and I told her what I had meant to keep to myself."

"You must speak plainly. Miss Hamilton spoke to you about what?"

Andrew Dickerson rose to object to the question, and to the manner in which the examination was being conducted. No one could understand, he said, what the district attorney was endeavoring to bring out, for the present state of the examination was not adding to their store of necessary knowledge of the events, and was as certainly irrelevant and immaterial.

Ensued the usual wrangle between counsel and the appeal to the court. During this Eve sat in the center of the courtroom, in a kind of frozen agony. Now she knew what was coming, and knew that not all Andrew Dickerson's cleverly interposed objections could save her from the avalanche of scandal that Laura Fairlie was determined to start; but why? Why? Eve asked herself this over and over again, for if she told the truth it would be far more damning for Laura than for herself.

Then she realized what was about to happen. Laura would tell only so much of the truth as she chose, and tell it in such a way as to discredit Eve as a witness before her testimony was heard.

The objections registered, Laura resumed her testimony.

"She sympathized with me, and I forgot everything in my desire for sympathy and told her that I had not seen Doctor Charlie before he died. From the look in her eyes I knew why she had asked me that. She was glad. She had not seen him and she was jealous—jealous that I might have said good-by and had his last words."

Again Andrew Dickerson's sonorous voice rang out as he reminded the counsel and court that this was not testimony, and that much as it might interest them they were not here to listen to Mrs. Fairlie's thoughts and conjectures.

Another and longer wrangle, and finally once more Laura Fairlie was talking, though by this time the whole courtroom was alert, waiting for whatever bolt from the blue all this led up to.

"Miss Hamilton told me not to cry—that Doctor Charlie had loved me dearly, and I would always have that to remember." She gave a little, uncontrollable sob, and then began again, bravely: "I couldn't bear that. It roused me from the pleasant half-drowsy feeling the bromide was beginning to give me, and I laughed hysterically, and told her that Charlie talked in his sleep.

"Miss Hamilton was very cold to me when I said that, and told me that what a man says in his sleep was not to be counted against him; it might be only the reflection of a bad dream. Her hypocrisy made me furious, and I turned on her, watching her closely: 'But when he says one woman's name over and over again, not one night, but many nights, and that name isn't yours, what then?' She didn't say anything at first. She looked away from me and said, 'Poor Charlie! Oh, poor Charlie!'

"'Do you pretend you don't know whose name it was?' I asked her. 'You think, because I never said anything, I didn't know?'

"Then she drew back from me, scared, and I told her that he called out, night after night, over and over again, 'Eve! Eve! Eve!'"

The courtroom was deadly still for a moment, and then, as Andrew Dickerson leaped to his feet, as the judge rapped for order, the district attorney triumphantly turned to his opponent and the court and said:

"Direct examination closed."

II.

AFTER the noon recess, the prosecution, in view of the fact that Mrs. Fairlie was exhausted and the defense had courteously waived their right to cross-examine until the next day, put Hilda Swenson, a Swedish girl who had been maid at the Fairlie home during Doctor Charlie's illness, on the stand.

Hilda proved a very difficult witness. She became mulish if prodded, and the district attorney several times lost patience with her, or, as Eve thought, pretended to do so, in order to see if that would make Hilda's thoughts move faster. It only made her repeat over and over again what she had said before, and her English was so broken that it was sometimes difficult for judge and jury to comprehend her.

Andrew Dickerson, so calm and undisturbed that no one guessed that the noontide interview with his client had been heated, interrupted but seldom, and then treated Hilda with such

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Beech-Nut
CANDY
FRUIT DROPS
Pure fruit flavors
Beech-Nut
ORANGE DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
ORANGE DROPS
5¢
ORANGE-LEMON-LIME

Where roads are rough or loads are heavy

The extra ply, the extra thick and extra tough red tread have brought fame to the Fisk Red-Top Tire

As others tell the story

Okla. "I have this day taken off my car one Red-Top tire I have run 3 years, 1 month, 6 days. I have a country practice."

Ky. "The roads are very bad here. I have sold Fisk Red-Tops for over two years without one complaint."

Neb. "We have been in the tire business for 14 years and the best friend-getter we ever handled is the Fisk Red-Top."

Miss. "Three and one-half years ago I bought a Red-Top tire. I have run it on three different Fords and am running it yet."

Wisc. "Red-Tops are giving better mileage and better satisfaction than any other tires sold in this territory."

Colo. "I have known the Red-Top to outlast two and in one or two instances three of other makes of tires."

N. Y. "Our sales on Fisk Red-Top tires have increased 450%. They have a tremendous repeat value."

Ohio "We find their popularity constantly gaining and as you look around the city it looks as though they lead all others."

Wash. "Our sales records tell us one Red-Top sells another."

The Fisk big mileage records are never advertised but it is doubtful if any tire can show as many under adverse conditions as the Red-Top

The Fisk Red-Top is made in the following sizes

30 x 3 30 x 3½ 32 x 4½ 30 x 5 33 x 5

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

unfailing tact and kindness that instinctively she sought his eye when she was tangled with words or ideas. The situation was amusing, but it made District Attorney Jernay furious.

The district attorney's mood was a rather complex one, for his sensation of this morning had not had the effect he had supposed upon his opponent. Instead of insisting on the cross-examination, as a means of immediately rectifying the impression made by Mrs. Fairlie, and so endeavoring to clear Miss Hamilton, he had quite willingly agreed to postpone his cross-examination, and had altogether conducted himself in such a quietly amused and philosophic manner that the district attorney began to wonder if he had been wise in this attack at the present time.

ANDREW DICKERSON'S attitude had had an equally puzzling effect on the courtroom. Half the crowd were divided as to whether this latest bit of testimony was against the defense and Miss Eve or not. The other half were positive it was not, and while the town was immensely relieved to know authoritatively that it was "Miss Eve who'd given the doctor the go-by," it thought "the widder had made a mistake pitching into a girl for what she couldn't help. 'Twas no fault of hern if the doctor kinda kep' on hankering after her after his marriage. Miss Eve hadn't done nothing wrong."

Shrewd and clever as he was, Andrew Dickerson had no way of telling to which half his jury belonged. For himself, he was coldly furious at the whole thing; the attorney who had "slipped this over on him," the woman who had told it, and the woman who had held it back from him. If Eve Hamilton had been absolutely frank, he would have been prepared for this revelation, which put another face entirely on some of the incidents. If Doctor Charlie had loved Eve Hamilton, and not his wife, then there was excuse for Gilbert and Laura Fairlie if they had drifted toward each other.

Meantime, he bent every energy to keep his mind upon the witness on the stand.

Slowly and with infinite trouble they dragged from Hilda the facts of Doctor Fairlie's illness, practically corroborating Mrs. Fairlie's testimony, with here and there a difference that was wonderfully illuminating to Andrew Dickerson. He had, throughout Mrs. Fairlie's testimony, arrived at his opponent's chief aim, and that was to say nothing about anything to eat or drink or any remedy being given to Doctor Charlie except when Gilbert Eliot was present.' But Hilda, through a misunderstanding of a question asked her, straightway upset that method of conducting her testimony.

She was a remarkably plain girl, with a good-natured, broad face, a flat nose, the suggestion of a harelip, faded-looking, straw-colored hair, and equally faded-looking blue eyes. She had loved "Doctor Yarlie," as she rendered the affectionate name, and she had served him faithfully.

Andrew Dickerson, though highly susceptible to feminine beauty, thought Hilda, for a moment, better worth looking at than her beautiful mistress, and that was the moment when, in answer to the district attorney's:

"Now, Hilda, don't get confused; just take your time and tell us. Isn't it a fact that when Doctor Charlie came back from Miss Hamilton's house, where he had been supposedly 'resting' on the twenty-sixth of February, that he for the first time looked ill enough to be in bed?"

"Na," the downright Hilda told him, shaking her head decidedly. "Hay ban a batter man for those rasting. Hay not ban seek till after that Louey the Spanyard hay give him the coffee—Mrs. Fairlie she leave for him. Then hay ban awful seek."

The district attorney had endeavored to stop her, by every means short of telling her to stop, but Hilda would not be stopped. Slow she was to start, but what she started she intended to finish.

"HE mix it oop in the brandy. I say: 'Louey, the doctor he ban forbidding that you go in that room or touch the things.'"

Andrew Dickerson mentally cheered her on. At this rate Hilda would make a priceless witness—for him.

"NOW, Hilda," the district attorney began again, "we only want you to tell us what you know or saw yourself, not what anyone else saw or told you."

"Ya," Hilda returned stolidly, again before he could stop her. "That's what I ban doing. I hear Doctor Yarlie come in at sax o'clock. I ban bad with the tooth-aching and I ask the Doctor for somethings to fix it. Louey hay give the coffee, and the doctor hay give me the plaster, and hay ban seek. After that Doctor Elyot hay gave him medicine which made him batter."

"Did you see Doctor Eliot give him the medicine in coffee?"

"Na, yoost in glass. Doctor Elyot he navar give Doctor Yarlie coffee. Louey he ban give

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Suddenly, one day,
after twenty years
I learned how to shave"

"I'd got into a habit, like lots of fellows, in shaving year after year with the same old 'safety.'

"I'd not kept up with the times. I'd heard of new inventions in razors, but I stayed in a rut.

"I was out camping with a fellow who used a Valet AutoStrop Razor and was very enthusiastic. 'Just try it,' he urged.

"Believe me, it was a revelation during those two weeks.

"Results! Oh, what a difference! It's all in the stropping, I learned.

"Give it a few strokes just before shaving.

"I'll never go back to the ordinary 'safety' because I'll never be content with a blade giving only a few shaves—each one worse as the blade dulls. I know the right way, now."

This is the experience of many men. Maybe *you* are in a habit rut, so far as shaving is concerned. Have *you* tried the Valet AutoStrop Razor which automatically sharpens its blades without removal—cleans, too, without removal?

Why not? Why keep to old-fashioned ways? Only by new tests can you progress. Just try a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Note its superiority.

Valet AutoStrop Razor
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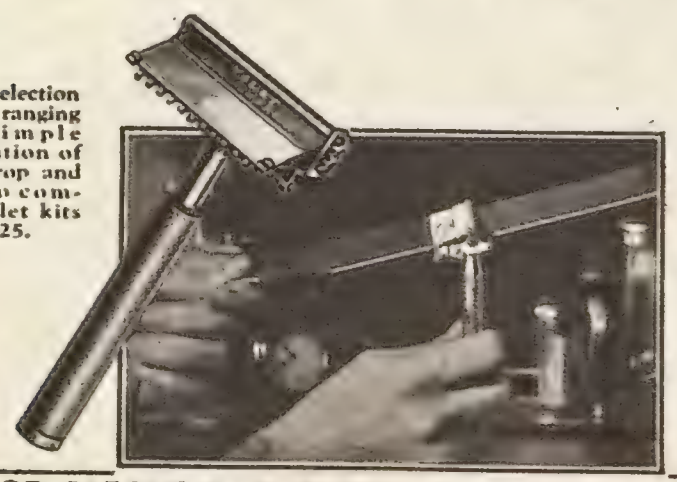
A wide selection of sets, ranging from simple combination of razor, strop and blade to complete toilet kits—$1 to $25.



The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 First Avenue, New York City

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

the coffee. Doctor Elyot navar."

"You are sure of that?"

"Ya, I sware it to the yudge."

"In the doctor's last illness, what was he given in his coffee or in brandy that morning, by Doctor Eliot?"

"Doctor Elyot navar gave him noddings, yoost medicine. But Louey he ban take oop brandy when Doctor Elyot was out."

There was a ripple of astonishment over the court, and the district attorney was instantly on his feet, so angry that he allowed it to show.

"Answer the questions I ask you, Hilda! Don't go mixing up what you want to say with what you are asked. Tell me what I ask you and nothing else. Now, during the doctor's last illness, you were admitted into the bedroom, were you not?"

"Ya."

"It was you, and only you, who carried the trays and the medicines and whatever the doctor or nurse or Miss Hamilton asked for, was it not?"

"Na."

"What do you mean—yes or no? Speak plainly so that you may be understood."

"I tank I tell you the truth. 'Ya,' I was sent into the bedroom with somethings. 'Na,' I did not carry all that the doctor and the nurse ban get. 'Na,' I carry nothings for Miss Hamilton; she don't ask nothings."

THE district attorney saw, with the tail of his eye, how much Andrew Dickerson was enjoying this, and the jury also was looking amused.

He leaned over toward the witness and solemnly shook his finger at her.

"Now, Hilda, listen to me. You are here to tell me the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God, and that we expect you to do without fail. But we also expect that when you are asked a question, you will answer that question alone, and not tell us a lot of things that you haven't been asked about. Do you understand, Hilda?"

"Ya, I understand. I ban gude if the truth is what you ban wanting to hear, but if that truth is what you don't want to hear, then I ban a liar. Ya, I understand."

The courtroom rocked with laughter as the district attorney stood there vainly clutching at the coat-tails of his flying dignity and smiling a sickly smile to show that he, too, saw the joke.

The judge rapped for order.

The district attorney gathered himself together in the teeth of a courtroom only too ready to rock with laughter again, and launched his question:

"Hilda, think well before you answer. Who besides yourself

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The wise traveller always has Beeman's,—deliciously flavored—its use is "a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

waited on the doctor—Doctor Eliot, or the nurse?"

"Louey did."

"But this 'Louey,' as you call him, or Luis, as he was known, was the doctor's chauffeur, was he not? Doctor Fairlie's chauffeur?"

"Ya."

"Then his duties would necessarily keep him out of doors in the garage or the grounds, would they not?"

"Na."

"Explain yourself, Hilda. Was this man's duty to drive the doctor and look after the car and the garage, or was he an indoor man?"

"HE ban both. If the doctor hay ban out, Louey he ban with him. When the doctor ban out driving by hisself, then that Louey he ban everywhere Mrs. Fairlie she tall him."

"If we understand you correctly, Hilda, whenever Doctor Fairlie drove his car himself, then Luis was at liberty to do anything indoors or out that Mrs. Fairlie wanted him to, and that she sometimes used him as an extra indoor servant. Is that not so?"

"Ya. She have him all time fallowing round her."

"Now, Hilda, listen to me and give me your full attention. When Doctor Charlie came home the first time, and was ill, what did he take?"

"He ban taking noddings. He ban throwing it all oop."

"Yes, we know he was very ill, but what was given him? What did you carry up to his room?"

Hilda looked at the district attorney as though thoroughly studying the question, and then she said slowly:

"Before Doctor Elyot get there, Louey give him some brandy, and he carry that oop himself; but the doctor he won't take any. He don't want to be a bodder. He tall Louey he is a bad fellow, to go away and to send me, and when I ban come he say: 'Hilda, keep that fallow away from me. You brang me some hot water in a cup and you talaphone to Doctor Elyot to come.'"

"What was done with the brandy Luis brought up?"

"Louey carry it away."

"Did he drink it himself?"

Hilda shook her head. "He ban mad and his face all red because Doctor Yarlie ban cross. He pour it down the kitchen sink and say 'Damn,' and the cook she say, 'I could drunk it myself.' But Louey he say it ban Doctor Elyot's orders that if Doctor Yarlie he don't drink, nobody drinks it. It had medicine in it."

The district attorney could hardly conceal his triumph. "What kind of medicine? Did he say?"

"Na, he ban say nodding. But I saw him put it in."

"You saw Doctor Eliot put it in?"

"Na; I saw Louey."

"You say you saw Luis put the medicine in?"

"Ya."

"What kind of medicine? Where did he get it?"

The courtroom was still as death. As for Andrew Dickerson, his eyes snapped. He knew now that the district attorney had gone beyond his depth with this witness. Only sheer necessity had made him call her, and how he must be regretting it! Or was this all a deliberate pose to bring out something he otherwise could not hope to use?

"It ban a white medicine, out of a blue bottle. He mix it oop in the brandy."

"You say you saw him put this medicine in the brandy? Where did he do this?"

"It ban in the doctor's office."

"Did you speak to him when you saw him?"

"Sure, I ban speaking. I say: 'Louey, what ban you doing there? The doctor he ban forbidding that you go in that room or touch the things unless he tall you so himself.'"

"What did Louey say to this?"

Quickly Andrew Dickerson rose to object, on the ground that this was mere hearsay evidence, unless the prosecution signified their intention to put the aforementioned Louey or Luis on the stand as a witness.

From the prosecutor's face, Andrew Dickerson judged that he had done just what he intended to do—forced his opponent's hand. He was quite sure it was for some definite reason that neither Luis, the Spaniard's name, nor any mention of the man occurred in Mrs. Fairlie's direct testimony.

THE judge, however, decided that such must be the prosecutor's intention. Indeed, it would be necessary in view of the present testimony. Jernay having, with the best grace possible, signified that it was his intention to call as a witness Luis Ramon, Doctor Fairlie's former chauffeur, Andrew Dickerson withdrew part of his objection, and the next moment wondered if he had been wise, for Hilda, on being directed to answer, said:

"Louey yump like he ban nervous when I speak to him, and then he say, very quick, 'Doctor Elyot he ban give me the orders, Smarty, whanever Doctor Yarlie he ban seek like that, I give him this in brandy.'"

With a triumphant look at Andrew Dickerson, who was on his feet again objecting, the district attorney rested his direct examination and the court adjourned for the day.

Immediately, the district attorney made his way toward Andrew Dickerson with a worried pucker between his brows.

"Sorry to say, Dickerson," he began, with a brief nod to Gilbert Eliot, as curtly returned by Gilbert, "that you'll have to give me a little time to produce the new witness, the chauffeur, Luis Ramon. The office tells me that he left Willett's Bridge almost immediately after the funeral and before the inquest. Mrs. Fairlie doesn't know his whereabouts."

Andrew Dickerson looked swiftly at his client. What was the expression that crossed his face—was it relief, or apprehension? He gave it up for the time being and turned to Tom Jernay.

"Of course, Jernay," he said cordially, "I understand that under the circumstances you'll have to have a little time, but get him located as soon as you can, so that we can clear up that point."

JERNAY nodded. "Coming my way?"

"No," Andrew told him. "I have an appointment with Miss Hamilton. See you tomorrow, if you like, before court opens."

Jernay nodded and turned away. Andrew Dickerson was beginning to fall for the Hamilton girl, was the thought in his mind. Another good man going wrong. Andrew saw it, and half started forward to say something, when, for the first time since the trial began, his client sought speech with him voluntarily:

"Dickerson, I never gave Luis Ramon any medicine or instructions about any medicine."

Andrew Dickerson listened politely, without speaking.

"Good God, Dickerson! *You* believe me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," Dickerson told him distantly, "I believe you. But how do you expect me to make other people believe, since you refuse to speak and Luis Ramon can't be found?"

"Can't be found!"

"Even though the man was properly the other side's affair, I haven't been sitting in the office with my hands folded. I've been trying to find him, without success, myself for the last two weeks."

Again that curious expression crossed Gilbert Eliot's face. Only, this time, Andrew Dickerson knew it; it was hate.

"The day that puts Luis Ramon on the stand I'll take back my refusal. I'll speak."

"That's very handsome of you, Gilbert," Andrew told him, without enthusiasm. "You'll pardon me if I'm not elated, however. You see, it may be—just a day too late."

How does Andrew Dickerson employ the hints given by Hilda to attack the dangerous testimony of Laura Fairlie, when she is placed on the stand for cross-examination? This and several startling developments appear in next week's tense installment.

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THOUSANDS of people will select their investments from this valuable illustrated booklet—"Our Forty-fourth Semi-annual Investment Offering." By sending for it, you will have the opportunity to assure your own happiness and financial independence.

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Evening Gowns *and* Outdoor Toggery *for the* Country

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

AN evening dress of pale gray crepe georgette, with a long V-shaped line of embroidered flowers in bright colors.

EVENING dress of black soft satin by Lucile, with the dead side showing in the underneath part of the ruffles, and in the long, thin piece that looks like reins in the back and like a necklace in front. Paris advices say some style leaders wear the pendant in the back.

A SPORTS dress in very thin knitted wool of grayish, rather than yellowish, white. It is in two pieces and without ornamentation, the turtle neck being the feature. With it the model wears an imported jacket of grayish white wool, hand embroidered in black.

SEMI-CIRCULAR Lanvin coat for sports, and even for town wear, with straight back and raglan front and sleeves. The scarf is folded across the chest like a man's evening scarf, and not thrown back over the shoulders. The original model is in mustard-colored brown and lined with the material. Only the sleeves carry a satin lining.

WHAT is so rare an indoor sight as a young girl buying her summer wardrobe? She is getting ready for a prolonged sojourn out in that region which the Prince of Wales made famous, and in her own mind preparing for a no less hectic season this year.

I watched such a spectacle the other day. The young shopper was swishing, and dipping, and waxily bending all of her thin, saplinglike grace in a direct imitation of the sophisticated display movements of the mannequin.

At the same time she was introducing a few characteristics of her own day and inner circle, such as calling across the room that it didn't matter what a thing cost so long as she found what she wanted, and throwing a cigarette stub over the balcony from where the dresses are shown down into the heart of the hat department.

In the grand round-up of all that shopping what she was found to have purchased was one sports dress and eight evening gowns. This would seem to be an unbalanced proportion in favor of the night life.

But from what little I saw of Southampton last summer I know that all the day long they go round in little knitted sports dresses, and whatever they may have hanging in their wardrobe, they always seem to wear the same one. Often when they come into town (the town of New York, that is) they only seem to scare up something to sling over it.

And then again, they will compromise with a thin silk dress—this year with lots of futuristic printing on it—and let it go at that up until six o'clock, when they let themselves out. The dress-up evening costume is the kind that doesn't seem to mean so much to those of us who stay in town, or even to those who golf all day or race around in motors at the less dressy country places.

Anyway, the smartest sports costumes I have seen this year are without garnishment and are knitted in two pieces, without much more fullness in the skirt than in the blouse, this being the style which displays to advantage the fashionable high turtle neck as its conspicuous feature, such a neck style as the athletes wear. Over this the embroidered jacket of the picture shows very effectively. It is such a one as we saw in the flapper's Riviera and Palm Beach wardrobe, shown on this page earlier in a letter from Paris. The girl of this picture bought such a dress and one of those same imported models.

But what she didn't have, which we are here showing, is the Lanvin sports coat, and that's where I think she fell down. It's mine, and just received. By the time this appears, I shall have worn it back to Paris to show the folks that made it how it looks in the real life of its owner. Later I hope to be back in time to flaunt it in the face of this bud (only we don't call them that any more, do we?) who thinks she knows so much about dressing for Long Island.

I think the line is worthy of consideration. It is as if you had bisected one of those circular English raglans that began to ripple somewhere between the shoulder blades and went shooting out in the back until it made you look about three times as large as necessary.

And the sleeves! Do you remember the giant proportions of the raglan sleeve? When the world demand went out for sports clothes Lanvin looked that model over to see what could be done with it. She pinched in the sleeves to somewhere near the size of the human arm and sliced that back ripple to a straight line down the spinal column, the same as I have done many a time in London shops with pins. Then I decided against the risk of the tailoring and threw them back into stock.

I miss my guess if this isn't a popular line for the future, that will swing into the cape before it gets through.

Warm Weather Dresses *from* Latest Patterns

By
PATRICIA

FOR ANY PATTERN
ON THIS PAGE
SEND TEN CENTS

WHETHER you are planning to spend your summer in the country or just to take week-end trips, these styles will prove interesting. They are designed for all occasions, from a dainty, practical costume slip to a filmy dance frock. Never have clothes been so simple and unadorned as they are this season. Georgette crepe in plain and printed patterns is being used extensively for sports dresses, and will surely prove a cool and serviceable material for summer wear.

Especially desirable for the young large woman is pattern No. 2300, which comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Voile in pastel tints, crepe de Chine, tub silk, or pongee would be appropriate. All the requisites are combined in this design for summer wear. It is cool, becoming, attractive, and simple enough in line to tub often, if necessary. In the 36-inch size, 4¼ yards of 40-inch material are required.

A sports dress fashioned of ciel blue tub silk, with lingerie details which give a decidedly chic appearance, is pattern No. 2428. For afternoon wear this frock, made of printed silk in awning stripes with trimming of plain silk, would be effective. Linen or cotton broadcloth would be lovely for morning and porch wear. This pattern comes in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting material are required.

In the days of our grandmothers the basque was the height of a dressmaker's achievement, requiring the skill of long practice to make it. Now, with pattern No. 2305, a delightful little costume can be made. For afternoon wear, developed in heavy crepe de Chine, foulard silk, or gray flat silk with ribbon velvet trimming would be practical. This pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material are required.

To make domestic duties more delightful, one should have an attractive apron. Pattern No. 2051, which cuts entirely in one piece, comes in small, medium, and large sizes, and only requires two yards of 32 or 36-inch material in the medium size. Unbleached muslin, bound with blue gingham and daintily embroidered, would make a wearable apron.

Frocks for juniors get their inspiration from grown-ups and in pattern No. 2422 a particularly interesting style is noted. For little girls of 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years, made of a smart gingham trimmed with plain gingham, or striped tub silk, would be adorable. In the 8-year size, 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material are required.

Fashions in costume slips follow the fashions in frocks, and the smart woman chooses one as carefully as the other. Pattern No. 2315 would be practical made of heavy crepe de Chine. Printed georgette in lovely colorings would be effective beneath a chiffon negligée, or as the foundation of a sheer frock. This pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material are required.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern Number	Size	Price
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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

The Ocean Was Too Big

My little neighbor had been to a seaside resort for a few days and when he returned he was excitedly telling us all about what he had seen, but when I asked him if he went in bathing he said, "I didn't, 'cause that was too big a bathtub for me."—D. W. H., Janesville, Wis.

* * *

His Good Luck

Tommy had been eating too much at dinner time and when he begged for more his mother asked, "Why, Tommy, how is it you can eat so much without being sick?"

Tommy, reaching for more food, replied, "Oh, I dunno; I guess it's just my good luck."—C. A. L., Rockland, Mass.

$500 *for* Limericks!

Here are this week's winners who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of May 16. The Limerick read as follows:

The radio went on the blink,
The music all stopped in a wink.
But Dad said he'd bet
That he'd make it work yet

.....

The prize winning lines were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Then, crash—he heard "Glasgow" (glass go) I think!
Written by JOSEPH H. GLASSER, 1796 E. 90th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

And the son's set at eve filled the sink.
Written by J. A. STRAWSON, 50 Morningside Drive, New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

So he gave the dry cells each a drink.
Written by BERNEITA A. FOOTE, 633 N. Church St., Rockford, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Of "watt" happened, it's shocking to think!
Written by EMMA K. HIEB, 1575 E. Salmon St., Portland, Ore.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

But the "coast" and the "boast" wouldn't link.
Written by MRS. GORDON SMITH, 225 Conway St., Carlisle, Pa.

Measuring Your Mind

Here are the answers and grades for the test on page 26:

In this test you were to underline *True* if the statement made was true, and *False* if the statement was false. The correct answers are:

True—3, 4, 7, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 22, 23, 25.

False—1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 19, 21, 24.

RULES FOR GRADING

20 to 25 correct answers..Excellent
19 to 15 correct answers..Good
14 to 10 correct answers..Above av.
9 to 5 correct answers..Average
4 to 0 correct answers..Poor

If you came out well on this test, maybe the test next week will stump you. Or, if you failed this one, you may pass the next with an "Excellent." Be sure to look for the next installment of *Measuring Your Mind.*

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One very important factor in the revival of harmonica music is the radio. From the leading radio stations of the country amateur and professional players are broadcasting happiness to millions with the aid of that popular musical instrument—the Hohner Harmonica. "Tune in" with the harmonica programs for entertainment, education and inspiration. Enjoy the cheerful melodies broadcast by boys and girls of school age—the operatic, classical and jazz selections of the harmonica orchestras and professional soloists; then get a Hohner Harmonica—50c up—and a Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, New York City.

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is a revelation in the art of shaving as well as saving. It is an ingenious device invented by the originator of the dollar watch, and unless you have already used it you cannot fully realize its value. It resharpens every make of razor blade, producing that super-keen edge which only new blades have. It makes one old blade good for hundreds of smooth, clean shaves and is so simple that you can use it with your eyes shut. Simply put the blade in the holder, give it a few stropping strokes and when you remove it you will have a blade as sharp as when it was new.

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SIDE VIEWS AND SIDE LIGHTS IN THE MOVIES

IT ISN'T EVERYONE who'll pose for a profile shot, but Pauline Garon (above), increasingly popular movie flapper, doesn't mind at all, and the reason is obvious. Why should she?

(Melbourne-Spur Photo.)

A BRIGHT DRAMATIC STAR in Paramount's firmament is Bebe Daniels (above), the little dark-haired girl you used to see with that funny chap with the eyeglasses—what was his name—oh, yes, Lloyd. Her latest film is a war piece called The Crowded Hour.

(Melbourne-Spur Photo.)

Captions by
ALVA TAYLOR

GOOD LEADING MEN who are competent actors as well are as rare as leading ladies are plentiful. George O'Brien (right), son of a west coast police commissioner, stepped into the films with no previous training and made an instantaneous success in Fox's The Iron Horse. Now he has an enthusiastic following both here and abroad.

(Melbourne-Spur Photo.)

A PROFILE is a tender subject, but Barbara Bedford (left) makes a charming picture of it. This young lady who once parked her make-up box in the Fox studios is now a Universal lady, and one of the chief supports in their newest film, The Mad Whirl.

(Henry Waxman Photo.)

A Page *of* Movie Reviews *by Alva Taylor*

THE WINGS OF YOUTH

Story by Harold P. Montanye

Directed by Emmett Flynn — Fox Picture

THE CAST:

Madelyne Manners	*Madge Bellamy*
Mrs. Katherine Manners	*Ethel Clayton*
Ted Spaulding	*Charles Farrel*
Lucien Angoola	*Freeman Wood*
Marcus Jones	*Robert Cain*
Gwendolyn Manners	*Katherine Perry*
Betty Manners	*Marian Harlan*
Jimmy Dale	*George Stewart*
Grantland Dobbs	*Douglas Gerard*

IF you are a mother confronted with the problem of growing daughters who are soaring through life with widespread wings, seemingly on their way to ruin, and you want to know how to clip these wings, go to The Wings of Youth and see what one desperate mother did to save her three daughters from the curse of cocktails and jazz, and the mistake of marrying the wrong men. But in order to save the day in your domestic circle you must be as attractive as Mrs. Manners, be something of an actress, and have a cousin your daughters have never seen, who has a homely name like Marcus Jones. This situation, of a mother showing her children the evil of their ways by imitating them, makes excellent entertainment.

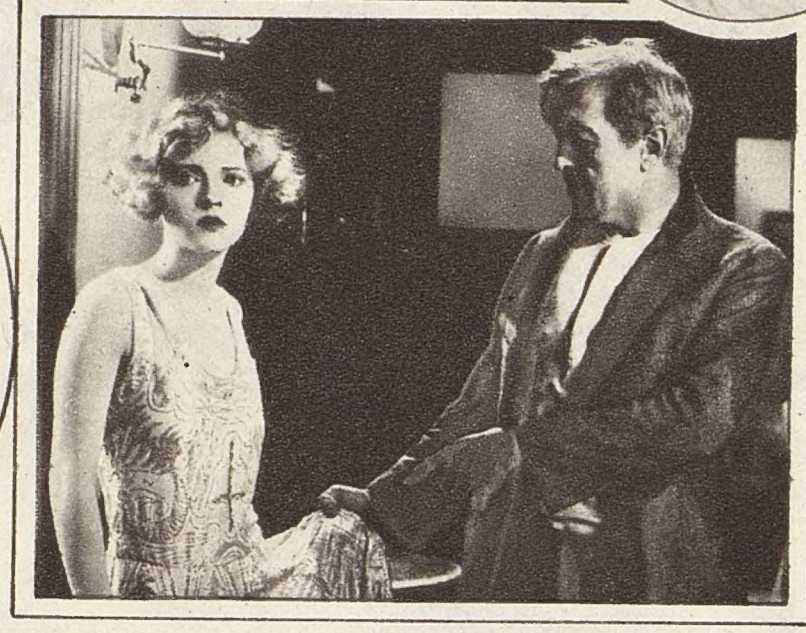
Ethel Clayton is the mother who makes use of her charms to bring her daughters to their senses. The first half of the picture consists mainly of a round of parties, while the second half shows the mother's way of putting a stop to their too exuberant behavior.

Ethel Clayton and Robert Cain in *The Wings of Youth.*

Buster Collier and Jacqueline Logan in *Playing with Souls.*

Mary Astor

Madge Bellamy



Gladys Brockwell and Hobart Bosworth in *Chickie.*

Bebe Daniels

THE CROWDED HOUR

Directed by E. M. Hopper — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Peggy Lawrence	*Bebe Daniels*
Billy Laidlow	*Kenneth Harlan*
Matt Wilde	*T. Roy Barnes*
Bert Caswell	*Frank Morgan*
Grace Laidlow	*Helen Lee Worthing*

PEGGY LAWRENCE was a telephone girl with a not-to-be-discouraged urge to go upon the vaudeville stage. She got there, thanks to the help of Billy Laidlow, the kind of rich man who can send a young woman to a theater manager with his card with "Give this girl a chance," scrawled across it. Mr. Laidlow had never met Peggy, but he heard her sing.

Mr. and Mrs. Laidlow drift apart. Peggy drifts in. The problem which arrives is solved as one of the by-products of the World War.

Bebe Daniels adds another laurel to her stellar crown. It is a good picture.

CHICKIE

Directed by J. F. Dillon — First National Picture

THE CAST:

Chickie	*Dorothy Mackaill*
Barry Dunne	*John Bowers*
Jonathan	*Hobart Bosworth*
Jennie	*Gladys Brockwell*
Janina	*Myrtle Stedman*

CHICKIE is a stenographer who wants to take a fling at life. She goes to a millionaire's party. The millionaire becomes interested in her to the extent of offering her a furnished apartment. But Chickie, having fallen in love with a poor but attractive lawyer, will have none of the millionaire's gifts.

The young lawyer, who had gone to London for his firm, comes back and marries her, in spite of the fact that his employer's daughter is setting her cap, for all she is worth, to get him.

The picture is good dramatic stuff. You ought to like it.

PLAYING WITH SOULS

Directed by Thomas Ince — First National Picture

THE CAST:

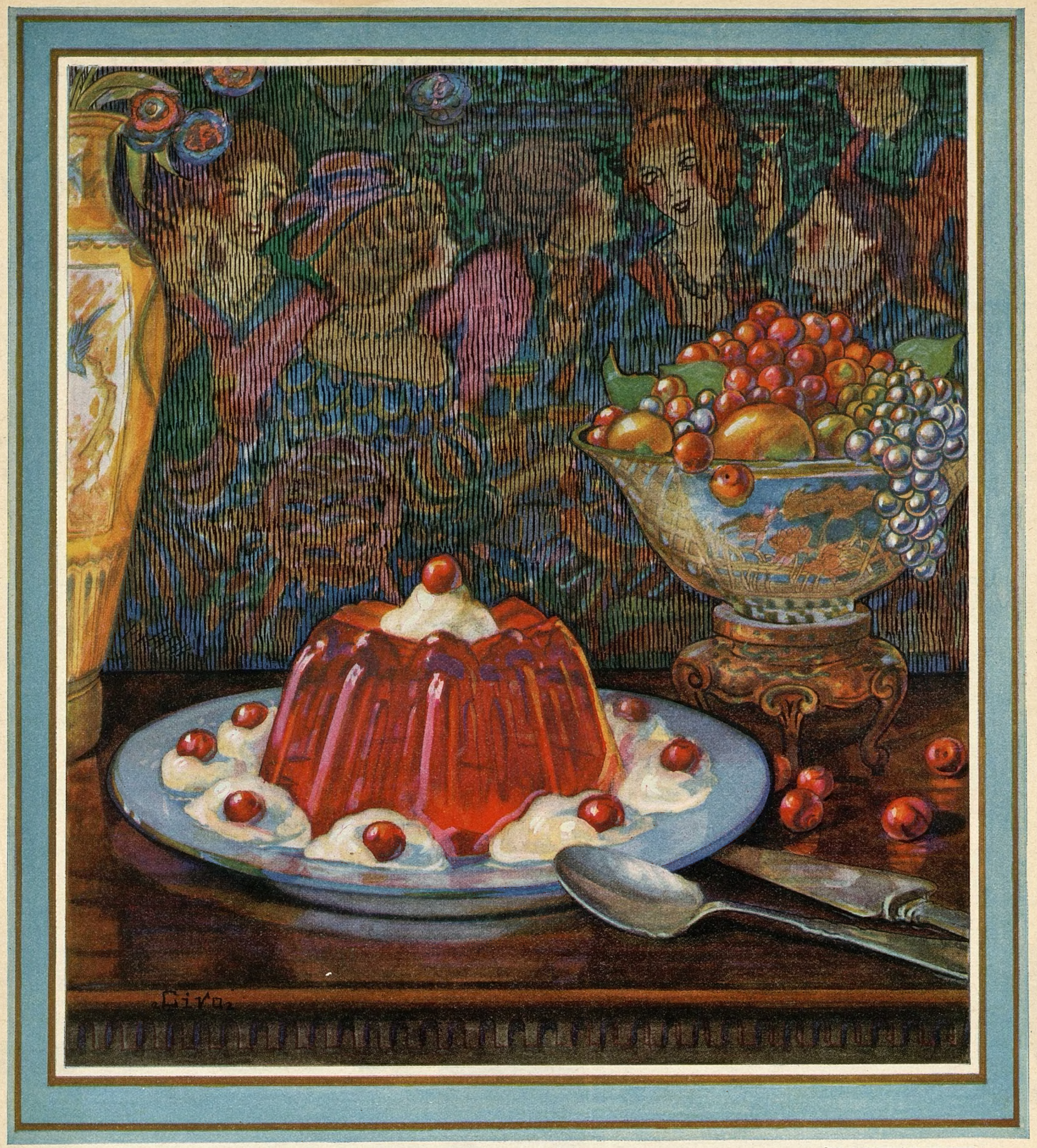
Bricotte	*Jacqueline Logan*
Margo	*Mary Astor*
Amy Dale	*Belle Bennett*
Matthew Dale, Sr	*Clive Brook*
Matthew Dale, Jr. (aged twenty)	*Buster Collier*
Louise	*Jessie Arnold*
Matthew Dale, Jr. (aged twelve)	*Don Marion*
Matthew Dale, Jr. (aged four)	*Helen Poge*
Monsieur Jomier	*Joseph Swickard*
Bank President	*Charles Mailes*
Margo (aged eight)	*Jane Wray*

PLAYING WITH SOULS shows what can happen to a child who has no home life, and whose parents are separated. Matthew Dale, Jr., has been provided with plenty of money during his years of school abroad, but has never seen anything of either father or mother since their separation when he was four years old. Mr. Dale told his shallow, pleasure-loving wife that she should have charge of the boy until he was of age, and then the youth should choose between them. But the mother never goes near her son, being too busy having a good time.

By the time Matthew, Jr., is through school he decides that his parents don't want him. And so he proceeds with the absorbing business of going to the devil. This makes his father rush over to Paris to give some belated paternal guidance.

The picture is skillfully directed and full of drama. Buster Collier, who plays Matthew Dale, Jr., after Matthew, Jr., aged four, and Matthew, Jr., aged twelve, have done their bit, does good work. Belle Bennett is good as the pleasure-loving mother who unknowingly flirted with her own son. Jacqueline Logan appears in a Frenchy incarnation as Bricotte.

NEXT WEEK *Miss Taylor will review Soul Fire, a First National picture; The Night Club, a Paramount, and Fifth Avenue Models, a Universal picture.*



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JELL-O

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DESSERT

All the clothes you wash yourself *and your hands-demand the same care you give fine fabrics*

RECENTLY a woman wrote: "Lux literally saves my life a dozen times a day! For fine fabrics of course. Always Lux for delicate silks and chiffons and treasured woolens. Why don't you tell everybody of the magic of Lux in the pantry—in the laundry—all over the house!"

Hers is only one of thousands of letters coming from women everywhere.

"Lux above everything for the laundry" women cry. After all, it's the family laundry that gets the *repeated* washing that is so hard on clothes. All your clothes and your house linens are too nice nowadays—and cost too much—to deserve anything but the greatest care in washing! See how much longer they last when you wash them in sparkling Lux suds.

No harsh strong ingredients in Lux. Nothing but those familiar tender whipped-cream Lux suds—every buoyant bubble alive with cleanliness.

And every buoyant bubble full of comfort for your *hands!* So kind to them they stay soft and smooth and white—even though you do your own dishes and laundry! For there is no dread free alkali in Lux to dry up the beautifying oils which nature provides. Lux keeps your hands always soft and smooth. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

One *teaspoonful is enough for washing* Dishes

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DISHES
FAMILY LAUNDRY
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SHAMPOO
PORCELAIN
PAINT
LINOLEUM
BABIES' BOTTLES

Now the Big New Package too

WEEK after week—it's the *repeated* washings that are so hard on your clothes.

Your fine bed and table linens—which you wash twenty times to once you wash your finest doilies—those special shirts about which your husband is so particular, the dainty things you embroidered so carefully for the children, your muslin undergarments, your gay house dresses—wash them all in gentle, tender Lux suds, bubbling with pure cleanliness, softly touching everything to sparkling freshness. Colors stay bright, whites stay snowy clean, cuff edges stay whole longer, fabrics don't wear thin so soon. *All* your things last longer when they are Lux-washed!

So little Lux gives such a magnificent brimming suds that women find it most economical for the laundry.

HOW you hated the thought of dishwashing — torturing your slim fingers and rosy nails three times a day with strong soaps and washing powders, giving them that in-the-dishpan look that made you ashamed to go to a bridge party.

Then one day—it was like an inspiration — you thought — "Why not Lux in the dishpan!"

Why, you'd trusted your hands to it over and over again, washing your fine silks and laces and it always treated them gently. You'd grown to love that clean satin-soft feeling your hands had afterwards. Presto! a spoonful foamed in the hot water.

Wasn't it truly magical? Such brimming, bubbling Lux suds from just a few delicate white flakes! And your hands—your poor ill-used hands—feeling their way back already to crackless comfort and flawless beauty.

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it